CERTAINE DE=

uises and shewes presented to

her MAIESTIE by the Gentlemen of

Grayes-Inne at her Highneſſe Court in

Greenewich, the twenty eighth day of

Februarie in the thirtieth yeare of her

MAIESTIES most happy

Raigne

AT LONDON

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The Introduction

An Introducteon penned by Nicholas Trotte Gentleman one of the Society of Grayes-Inne: which was pronounced in manner following: viz Three Muses came on the stage apparelled accordingly, bringing fiue Gentlemen Students with them attyred in their usuall garments, whom one of the Muses presented to her Majestie as Captives: the cause where of she delivered by speach as followeth.

Of conquest (gracious Queene) the signs and fruits
Atchiv'd 'gainst such as wrongfully withheld
The service by choice wits to Muses due
In humblest wise these Captives we present.
And least your highnes might suspect the gift,
As spoile of warre that justice might impeach,
Heare and discerne how just our quarrell was,
Avowed (as you see) by good successe.
A dame there is whom men Astrea terme,
She that pronounceth oracles of lawes,
Who to prepare fit servants for her traine,
As by commission, takes up flowring wits,
Whom first she schooleth to forget and scorne
The noble skils of language and of arts,
The uricdome that discourse of stories teach,
The ornaments which various knowledge yeelds:
But Poesie she hath in most disdaine
And marshals it next Follyes scorned place.
Then when she hath these worthy prints defac'd
Out of the mindes that can endure her hand
What doth she then supplie in steede of these?
Forsooth some olde reports of altered lawes,
Clamors of Courts and cavils upon words,
Grounds without ground, supported by conceit
And reasons of more subtilties then sense.

What shall I say of moote points strange and doubts
still argued but never yet agreed?
And shee that doth decides the poets cause,
Because he must his words in order place,
Forgets her formes of pleading more precise,
More bound to words then is the poets lore:
And for these fine conceits she fitly chose
A tongue that barbarisme it selfe doth use.
We noting all these wrongs did long expect
There hard condition would have made them wise
To offer us their service plac'd so ill:
But finding them addicted to their choyce,
And specially desirous to present
Your Majestie with fruits of provinces new
Now did resolve to double force and skill,
And found and wayde the vantage of the time,
Surpris'de their fort and tooke them captives all.
So now submisse as to their state belongs
They gladly yeelde their homage long withdrawne
And Poetry which they did most contemne
They glory now her favours for to weare.
My sisters laught to see them take the penne
And lose their wits all in unwonted walkes:
But to your highnes that delight we leave
To see these poets new their stile advaunce.
Such as they are, or naught or little worth
Deigne to accept, and therewith we beseech
That novelty give price to worthlesse things

Unto this speach one of the Gentlemen answered as followeth.

Good Ladies, unacquaint with cunning reach
And easly led to glory in your powre,
Heare now abasht our late dissembled mindes.
Not now the first time as your selves best knowe,
Ye Muses sought our service to commaund:
Oft have ye wandred from Parnassus hill,
And shewed your selves with sweet & tempting grace,
But yet returnd your traine increasde with fewes.
This resolution doth continue still:
Unto Astreas name we honour beare
Whose sound perfections we doe more admire

Then all the vaunted store of Muses guifts
Let this be one (which last you put in ure
In well depraving that deserveth praise)
No eloquence disguising reasons shape,
Nor Poetrie each vaine affection's nurce,
No varvins historie that doth leade the minde
Abroad to auntient tales from instant use
Nor these nor other moe, too long to note,
Can winne Astrea's servants to remove
Their service once devote to better things.
They with attentive mindes & serious wits
Revolve records of deepe judiciall acts,
They waigh with steaddy and indifferent hand
Each word of lawe, each circumstance of right:
They hold the grounds which time & use hath sooth'd,
Though shallow sense conceive them as conceits,
Presumptuous sense whose ignorance dare judge
Of things removid by reason from her reach.
One doubt in mootes by argument enerea'd
Cleares many doubts experience doth object.
The language the first chose and still retaines
Exhibites naked truth in aptest termes.
Our industrie maintaineth unimpeacht
Prerogative of Prince, respect of Peeres,
The Commons libertie and each mans right,
Suppresseth mutine force and practicke fraude,
Things that for worth our studious care deserve:
Yet never did we banish nor reject
Those ornaments of knowledge nor of toungs,
That slander envious ignorances ded raise.
With Muses still we intercourse allowe
Enrich our state with all their forreine fraight,
But never homage nor acknowledgement
Such as of subjects allegeance doth require.
Now heere the cause of your late conquest wonne.
We had discovered your intent to be.
(And sure ye Ladies are not secrete all,
Speach and not silence is the Muse's grace)
We well perceiv'd (I say) your minde to be
T'employ such prisoners as themselves did yeeld
To serve a Queene for whom her purest gold
Nature refin'd, that she might therein sette
Both private and imperiall vertues all.

Thus (Soveraygne Lady of our lawes and us)
Zeale may transforme us into any shape.
We which with trembling hand the penne did guide,
Never well pleasde all for desire to please,
For still your rare perfections did ocurre,
Which are admird of Muses and of men.
Oh, with how steddie hand and heart assurd
Should we take up the warlike lance or sword
With mind resolvd to spend our loyall blood
Your least commaund with speede to execute.
O, that before our time the fleeting shippe
Ner wandred had in watery wildernes
That we might first that venture undertake
In strange attempt t'approve our loyall hearts.
Be it souldiers, seamen, poets or what els.
In service onee enjoynd to ready mindes
Our want of use should our devoyer encrease.
Now since in steade of art we bring but zeale,
In steade of prayse we humbly pardon crave.
The matter which we purpose to present,
Since streightz of time our libertz controules,
In tragicke note the plague of vice recounts.
How sute a Tragedie for such a time?
Thus. For that since your sacred Majestie
In gratious hands the regall Scepter held
All Tragedies are fled from State to stadge.

Nicholas Trotte.

The misfortunes of Arthur (Uther Pendrasons Sonne) reduced into Tragicall notes by Thomas Hughes one of the Societie of Grayes-Inne. And here set downe as it past from under his handes & as it was presented, excepting certaine wordes & lines, where some of the actors either helped their memories by brief omission, or fitted their acting by some alteration. With a note in the ende of such speaches as were penned by others in lieu of some of these hereafter following.

Thus (Soveraygne Lady of our lawes and us)
Zeale may transforme us into any shapes.
We which with trembling hand the penne did guide,
Never well pleasde all for desire to please,
For still your rare perfections did occurre,
Which are admird of Muses and of men.
Oh, with how steddie hand and heart assurd
Should we take up the warlike lance or sword
With mind resolvd to spend our loyall blood
Your least commaund with speede to execute.
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That we might first that venture undertake
In strange attempt t'approve our loyall hearts.
Be it souldiers, seamen, poets or what els.
In service nee enjoynd to ready mindes
Our want spare should our devoyer encrease.
Now since in steade of art we bring but zeale,
In steade of prayse we humbly pardon crave.
The matter which we purpose to present,
Since streights of time our libertie controwles,
In tragicke note the plague of vice recounts.
How suits a Tragedie for such a time?
Thus. For that since your sacred Majestie
In gratious hands the regall Scepter held
All Tragedies are fled from State to stadge.

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The misfortunes of Arthur (Uther Pendragons Sonne) reduced into Tragicall notes by Thomas Hughes one of the Societie of Grayes-Inne. And here set downe as it past from under his handes & as it was presented, excepting certaine wordes & lines, where some of the actors either helped their memories by brief omission, or fitted their acting by some alteration. With a note in the ende of such speaches as were penned by others in lue of some of these hereafter following.

The argument of the Tragedie.

AT a banquet made by *Vther Pendragon* for the solemnising of his conquest against the *Saxons*, he fell inamoured with *Igerna* wife to *Gorlois* Duke of *Cornwell*. Who perceiuing the Kings passion, departed with his wife and prepared warres at *Cornwell*, where also in a strong holde beyond him hee placed her Then the King leuied an armye to suppresse him, but waxing impatient of his desire to *Igerna*, transformed himselfe by *Merlin* his cunning, into the likenesse of *Gorlois*, And after his acceptance with *Igerna* he returned to his siedge, where he slew *Gorlois*. *Igerna* was deliuered of *Arthur* and *Anne* twins of the same birth. *Vther Pendragon* 15. yeres after pursuing the *Saxons* was by them poysoned. *Arthur* delighted in his sister *Anne*, who made him father of *Mordred*. Seuenteene yeres after *Lucius Tiberius* of *Rome* demanded a tribute due by the conquest of *Cæsar*. *Arthur* gathered the powers of 13. Kinges besides his owne, and leauing his Queene Gueneuora in the tuition of *Mordred*, to whome likewise he committed the kingdome in his absence, arriued at *Fraunce*, where after 9. yeares warres, he sent the slaine bodie of *Tiberius* vnto *Rome* for the tribute. During this absence *Mordred* grew ambicious, for th'effecting whereof he made loue to *Gueneuora*, who gaue eare vnto him. Then by th'assistance of *Gilla a British* Lord hee vsurped, and for maintenance entertayned with large promises, the *Saxons*, *Irish*, *Pictes*, & *Normands*. *Gueneuora* hearing that *Arthur* was alreadie embarked for returne, through dispaire purposing diuersly, sometimes to kill her husband, sometimes to kill her selfe, at last resolued to enter into religion. *Arthur* at his landing was resisted on the strands of *Douer*, where he put *Mordred* to flight. The last fielde was fought at *Cornwell*, where after the death of one hundred and tweentie thousand saiuing on either side 20. *Mordred* receiued his death, and *Arthur* his deadly wound.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the* first dumbe shewe.

SOunding the musicke, there rose three furies from vnder the stage apparelled accordingly with snakes and flames about their blacke haires and garments. The first with a Snake in the right hande and a cup of wine with a Snake athwart the cup in the left hand. The second with a firebrand in the right hande, and a Cupid *in the left: The thirde with a whippe in the right hande and a* Pegasus *in the left. Whilest they went masking about the stage, there came from another place three* Nuns *which walked by them selues. Then after a full sight giuen to the beholders, they all parted, the furies to* Mordreds *house, the* Nuns *to the Cloister. By the first furie with the Snake and Cup was signified the Banquet of* Vther Pendragon, *and afterward his death which insued by poysoned cup. The second furie with her firebrande &* Cupid *represented* Vthers *vnlawfull heate and loue conceyued at the banquet, which neuer ceased in his posteritie. By the third with her whip and* Pegasus *was presigured the crueltie and ambition which thence insued and continued to th'effecting of this tragidie. By the* Nuns *was signified the remorse and dispaire of* Gueneuora, *that wanting other hope tooke a Nunrie for her refuge. After their departure, the foure which represented the* Chorus *tooke their places.*

The argument of the first Act.

1 IN the first ſcene the ſpirit of **Gorlois** Duke of Cornwell, the man firſt & moſt wronged in this hiſtorie being diſpoild both of Wife, Dukedome and life craueth reuenge for theſe iniuries, denouncing the whole miſſortune inſuing.

2 In the ſecond ſcene, **Guenevora** hearing that **Arthur** was on Seas returning, deſperately manaceth his death, from which intent ſhe is diſſwaded by **Fronia**, a Lady of her Court & priuie to her ſecretes.

3 In the third ſceue **Guenevora** perplexedly mindeth her owne death, whence being diſwaded by her ſiſter ſhe reſolueth to enter into Religion.

4 In the fourth ſcene **Mordred** goeth about to perſwade **Guenevora** to perſiſt in her loue, but miſſeth thereof: And then is exhorted by **Conan** (a noble mã of **Brytain**) to reconcile himſelfe to his Father at his comming, but refuſeth ſo to doe and reſolueth to keepe him from landing by battaile.

The names of the ſpeakers.

Gorlois Duke of Cornwalls ghoſt.
Guenevora the Quẽne.
Fronia a Lady of her trayne.
Angharad ſiſter to the Quẽne.
Mordred the Vſurper.
Conan a faithfull counſeller.
Nuntius of Arthurs landing.
The Heralt from Arthur.
Gawin King of Albante.
Gilla: a Brytiſhe Earle.
Gillamor King of Ireland.
Cheldrich Duke of Saxonie.
The Lorde of the Pictes.
Arthur King of great Brytain.
Cador Duke of Cornwall.
Hoel King of little Brittaine.
The Heralt from Mordred.
Aſchillus King of Denmarke.
The King of Norwaye.
A number of Soulduers.
Nuntius of the laſt battell.
Gildas a noble man of Brytain.

CHORVS.

THE FIRST ACT and first ſcene.

Gorlois.

GORL: SInce thus through channells blacke of Limbo lake,
And deepe infernall floude of Stygian poole,
The gaſtly Caron's boate tranſported backe
Thy ghoſt, from Pluto's pittes and glowming ſhades,
To former light once loſt by Deſtnies doome:
Where proude Pendragon broylde with ſhamefull luſt,
Diſpoylde thée erſt of wife, of lande, and life:
Nowe (Gorlois) worke thy wiſh, caſt here thy gaule,
Glutte on reuenge: thy wrath abhorrs delayes.
What though (beſides Pendragons poyſoned end)
The vile reproch he wrought thee by thy phere,
Through deepe increaſe of crymes alike is plagude?
And that the ſhame thou ſuffredſt for his luſts,
Reboundeth backe, and ſtikeleth in his ſtocke?
Yet is not miſchiefe's meaſure all fulfilde,
Nor wreake ſufficient wrought: Thy murthered corſe
And Dukedome reft, for heauier vengeance crics.
Come therefore blommes of ſetled miſchiefes roote,
Come ech thing elſe, what furie can inuent,
Wreake all at once, infect the ayre with plagues,
Till badd to worſe, till worſe to worſt be turnde.
Let miſchiefes know no meane, nor plagues an end.
Let th'offſprings ſinne exceede the former ſtocke:
Let none haue time to hate his former fault,
But ſtill with freſh ſupplie let puniſht cryme
Increaſe, till tyme it make a complet ſinne.
Goe to: ſome fact, which no age ſhall allowe,
Nor yet conceale: ſome fact muſt needes be darde,
That for thy horror great and outrage fell
Thereof, may well beſeeme Pendragons brode.
And firſt, whiles Arthurs nauies homewards flott
Triumphantly bedeckt with Romaine ſpoyles:
Let Guenouer expreſſe what franticke mood
Diſtract a wife, when wronging wedlockes rights,
Both fonde and fell, ſhe loues and loathes at once.
Let deepe diſpaire purſue, till loathing life
Her hatefull heade in cowle and cloiſter lurke.
Let traiterous Mordred keepe his ſire from ſhoare.
Let Bryttaine reſt a pray for forreine powers
Let ſwoorde and fire ſtill fedde with mutuall ſtrife
Tourne all the Kings to ghoaſtes, let ciuill warres
And diſcorde ſwell till all the realme be tome.
Euen in that ſoyle whereof my ſelfe was Duke,
Where firſt my ſpowſe Igerna brake her vowe,
Where this vngracious offſpring was begotte,
In Cornwell, there, let Mordreds death declare,

Let Arthurs fatall wounde bewray the wrong,
The murther vile, the rape of wife and weale,
Wherewith their sire incenst both Gods and man:
Thus, thus Pendragons seede so sowne and reapte,
Thus cursed imps, ill borne, and worse consum'd,
Shall render iust reuenge for parents crimes,
And penance due t'allwadge my swelling wrath.
The whiles O Calliopea gemmy light sigue,
Most sacred light, and sweete Celestiall starre,
This Clymar's ioy, plac'd in imperiall throne
With fragrant Olive branche portending peace:
And whosoe'r besides ye heauenly pow'rs
(Her stately trayne with influence diuine,
And milde aspect all prone to Brittaines good)
Foresee what present plagues doe threate this Isle:
Preuent not this my breake. From you their rest's
A happier age a thousand yeares in time:
An age for peace, religion, wealth, and ease,
When all the world shall wonder at your blisse:
That, that is yours. Leaue this to Gorlois ghoast.
And see where com's one engine of my hate.
With moods and manners fit for my reuenge. Exit.

The second scene.

Gueneuora, Fronia.

GVEN. AND dares he after nine yeares space returne,
And see her face, whom he so long disdain'd?
Was I then chose and wedded for his stale,
To looke and gape for his returnelesse sayles,
Puft backe, and flittering spread to euery winde?
O wrong content with no reuenge: seeke out
Vndared plagues, teach Mordred how to rage.
Attempt some bloodie dreadfull, irkesome fact,
And such as Mordred would were rather his.
Why stayest? it must be done: let hidde goe,
Frame out some trap beyonde all vulgar guile,
Beyonde Medea's wiles: attempt some fact,
That any wight vnwildie of her sexe,
That any spowse vnfaithfull to her phere,
Durst euer attempt in most dispaire of weale.
Spare no reuenge, b'it poyson, knyfe, or fire.
FRON. Good Madame, temper these outragious moodes,
And let not will vsurpe, where wit should rule.
GVEN. The wrath, that breatheth bloode, doth loath to lurke.
What reason most with holdes, rage wringes perforce.
I am disdainde: so will I not be long:
[illegible]ure, that he shall first arriue,
[illegible] shall afforde him life.
[illegible]or lands, nor warres abyde
Sufficeth

Sufficed for thy foyle: yet shalt thou finde
Farre woorse at home: Thy deepe displeased spowse.
What e'r thou hast subdude in all thy stay,
This hand shall nowe subdue: then stay thy sill.
What's this? my mind recoyls, and yrkes these threats:
Anger delayes, my griefe gynnes to allwage,
My furie faintes, and sacred wedlockes faith
Presents it selfe. Why shunst thou fearefull wrath?
Add coales a freshe, preserue me to this venge.
At lest exyle thy selfe to realmes vnknowen,
And steale his wealth to helpe thy banisht state.
For slight is best. O base and hartlesse feare.
Theft? exyle? slight? all these may Fortune sende
Unsought: but thee beseemes more high reuenge.
Come spitefull fiends, come heapes of furies fell.
Not one, by one, but all at once: my breast
Raues not inough: it likes me to be filde
With greater monsters yet. My hart doth throbbe:
My liuer boyles: some what my minde portendes,
Uncertayne what: but whatsoeuer it's huge.
So it exceede, be what it will: it's well.
Omit no plague, and none will be inough.
Wrong cannot be reueng'd, but by excesse.

FRON. Spare this heate: you yelde too much to rage,
P'are too vniust: is there no meane in wrong?

GVEN. Wrong claymes a meane, when first you offer wronge.
The meane is vaine, when wrong is in reuenge.
Great harmes cannot be hidde, the griefe is small,
That can receaue aduise, or rule it selfe.

FRON. Hatred concealde doth often happe to hurte,
But once profest, it oftner failes reuenge.
How better tho, wert to represse your yre?
A Ladies best reuenge is to forgiue.
What meane is in your hate? how much for't
You can inuent, or dare: so much you hate.

GVEN. And would you knowe what meane there is in hate?
Call loue to minde, and see what meane is there.
My loue, redoubled loue, and constant faith
Engaged vnto Mordred mookes so deepe:
That both my hart and marrow quite be burnt,
And synewes dried with force of wonteles flames,
Desire to ioy him still, torments my mynde:
Feare of his want doth add a double griefe.
Loe here the loue, that stirres this meaneles hate.

FRON. Eschew it farre: such loue impugnes the lawes.

GVEN. Unlawfull loue doth like, when lawfull lothes.

FRON. And is your loue of husbands quite extinct?

GVEN. The greater flame must needes delay the lesse.
Besides, his late reuenge I greatly feare.

FRON. How can you then attempt a fresh offence?

GVEN. Who can appoint a stint to her offence?

FRON. But here the greatneſſe of the fact ſhould moue.
GVEN. The greater it, the fitter for my griefe:
FRON. To kill your ſpouſe? GVEN. A ſtranger, and a foe.
FRON. Your liedge and king? GVEN. He wants both Realme and Crowne.
FRON. Nature affordes not to your ſexe ſuch ſtrength.
GVEN. Loue, anguiſh, wrath, will ſoone afforde inough.
FRON. What rage is this? GVEN. Such as himſelfe ſhall rue.
FRON. Whom Gods doe preſſe inough, will you annoy?
GVEN. Whom Gods doe preſſe, they bende: whom man annoyes,
He breakes. FRON. Your griefe is more then his deſertes:
Ech fault requires an equall hate: be not ſeuere,
Where crimes be light: as you haue felt, ſo greeue.
GVEN. And ſeemes it light to want him nine yeare ſpace?
Then to be ſpoild of one I hold more deare?
Thinke all to much, b'it ne'r ſo iuſt, that feedes
Continuall griefe: the laſting woe is woſt.
FRON. Yet let your highneſſe ſhun theſe deſperate moodes,
Caſt of this rage, and fell diſpoſed minde.
Put not ſhame quite to flight, haue ſome regard
Both of your ſex, and future fame of life.
Vſe no ſuch cruell thoughts, as farre exceede
A manly minde, much more a womans hart.
GVEN. Well: ſhame is not ſo quite exilde, but that
I can, and will reſpect your ſage aduiſe.
Your Counſell I accept, giue leaue a while,
Till fiery wrath may ſlake, and rage relent. Exit FRON.

The third ſcene.

Gueneuora. Angharat.

GVEN. THe loue, that for his rage will not be rulde,
Muſt be reſtrainde: fame ſhall receiue no foile.
Let Arthur liue, whereof to make him ſure,
My ſelfe will dye, and ſo preuent his harmes.
Why ſtayeſt thou thus amazde O ſlouthfull wrath?
Miſchiefe is meant, diſpatch it on thy ſelfe.
ANGH. Her breaſt not yet appraſde from former rage
Hath chaungde her wrath, which wanting meanes to worke
An others woe, (for ſuch is furies woont,)
Seekes out his owne, and raues vpon it ſelfe.
Aſſwage (alas) that ouer feruent ire,
Though to much anger, you offend too much:
Thereby the rather you deſerue to liue,
For ſeeming worthy in your ſelfe to dye.
GVEN. Death is decreed: what kinde of death, I doubt:
Whether to drownd, or ſtifill vp his breath.
On forcing blond, to dye with dint of knife.
All hope of proſperous hap is gone, my fame,
My faith, my ſpouſe: no good is left vnloſt:
My ſelfe am left, ther's left both ſeas and lands.

And

And sword, and fire, and chaines, and choice of harmes.
O gnawing easelesse griefe. Who now can heale
My maymed minde: it must be healde by death.
ANGH. No mischiefe must be done, whiles I be by,
Or if there must, there must be more then one.
If death it be you seeke, I seeke, it too:
Alone you may not die, with me you may.
GVEN. They, that will driue th'unwilling to their death,
Or frustrate death in those, that faine would die,
Offend alike. They spoile, that boteleſſe spare.
ANGH. But will my teares and mournings moue you nought?
GVEN. Then is it best to die, when friends doe mourne.
ANGH. Ech where is death: that, fates haue well ordainde,
That ech man may bereaue himselfe of life,
But none of death: death is so sure a doome:
A thousand wayes doe guide vs to our graues.
Who then can euer come too late to that,
Whence, when h'is come, he neuer can returne?
Or what anailes to hasten on our ends,
And long for that, which destenes haue sworne?
Looke backe in time, to late is to repent,
When furious rage hath once cut of the choice.
GVEN. Death is an end of paine. no paine it selfe.
Is't meete a plague, for such excelliue wrong,
Should be so short? Soould one stroke answere all?
And wouldst thou dye? Well: that contents the lawes,
What then for Arthurs ire? What for thy fame,
Which thou hast staynde? What for thy stocke thou shamst?
Not death, nor life alone can giue a full
Reuenge: ioyne both in one. Die: and yet liue.
Where paine may not be oft, let it be long.
Seeke out some lingring death, whereby, thy corse
May neither touch the dead, nor ioy the quicke.
Dye: but no common death: passe Natures boundes.
ANGH. Set plaintes aside, despaire yeelds no relieſe.
The more you search a wounde, the more it stings.
GVEN. When guiltie mindes torment them selues, they heale:
Whiles woundes be cur'd, griefe is a salue for griefe.
ANGH. Griefe is no iust esteemer of our deedes:
What so hath yet beene done, proceedes from chaunce.
GVEN. The minde, and not the chaunce, doth make th'unchaſt,
ANGH. Then is your fault from Fate, you rest excuſde:
None can be deemed faultie for her Fate.
GVEN. No Fate, but manners fayle, when we offende.
Impute mishaps to Fates, to manners faultes.
ANGH. Loue is an error, that may blinde the best.
GVEN. A mightie error oft hath seemde a sinne.
My death is vowed, and death must needes take place.
But such a death, as standes with iust remorse:
Death, to the worlde, and to her slipperie ioyes:
A full deuorce from all this Courtly pompe.

Where

Where dayly pennance done for each offence,
May render due reuenge for euery wrong.
Which to accomplish: pray my dearest friends,
That they forthwith attyde in saddest guise,
Conduct me to the Cloister next hereby,
There to professe, and to renounce the world.

NGH. Alas! What chaunge were that, from Kingly roffes
To Cloistered celles? To liue, and die at once?
To want your stately troupes, your frends and kinne?
To shun the shewes and sights of stately Court.
To see in sort aliue, your Countries death?
Yea, what so'er euen Death it selfe withdrawes
From any els, that life with mawes from you.
Yet since your highnes is so fully bent,
I will obay, the whiles allwage your griefe Exit.

The fourth scene.

Mordred. Gueneuora. Conan.

MORD. THE houre which earst I alwaies feared most,
The certaine ruine of my desperate state,
Is happened now: why turnst thou minde thy back?
Why at the first assault doest thou recoile?
Trust to't: the angry heauens contriue some spight,
And dreadfull doome, t'augment thy cursed hap.
Oppose to ech reuenge thy guiltie heade,
And shun no paine nor plague fit for thy fact.
What shouldst thou feare, that seest not what to hope?
No danger's left before, all's at thy backe.
He safely stands, that stands beyond his harmes.
Thine (death) is all, that East, or West can see,
For thee we liue, our comming is not long,
Spare vs, but whiles we may prepare our graues,
Though thou wert slowe, we hasten of our selues.
The houre that gaue, did also take our liues:
No sooner men, then mortall were we borne.
I see mine end drawes on, I feele my plagues.

GVEN. No plague for one ill borne, to dye as ill.

MORD. O Queene! my sweete associate in this plunge,
And desperate plight, behold, the time is come,
That either iustifies our former faults,
Or shortly sets vs free from euery feare.

GVEN. My feare is past, and wedlock loue hath wonne.
Retire we thither yet, whence first we ought
Not to haue stird. Call backe thast faith againe.
The way, that leads to good, is ne'r to late:
Who so repents, is guiltlesse of his crimes.

MORD. What meanes this course? Is Arthurs wedlocke safe?
Or can he loue, that hath iust cause to hate?
That nothing elss were to be feard:

To

Is moſt apparant, that he hates at home,
What e'r he be, whoſe fame ſtrayes abroad?
Thinke then, our loue is not vnknowen to him:
Whereof what patience can be ſafely hopte?
Nor loue, nor ſoueraignetie can beare a peere.

GVEN. Why doſt thou ſtill ſtirre vp my flames delayde?
His ſtrayes and errors muſt not moue my minde.
A law for priuate men binders not the King.
What, that I ought not to condemne my liedge,
Nor can, thus guiltie to myne owne offence?
Where both haue done amiſſe, both will relent.
He will forgiue, that needes muſt be forgiuen.

MORD. A likely thing; your faults muſt make you friends:
What lets you both at odds, muſt ioine you both:
Thinke well he caſts already for reuenge,
And how to plague vs both. I know his law,
A Iudge ſeuere to vs, milde to himſelfe.
What then auailes you to returne to late,
When you haue paſt to farre? You feede vaine hopes.

GVEN. The further paſt, the more this fault is yours:
It ſeru'd your turne, t'uſurpe your fathers Crowne.
His is the crime, whom crime ſtands moſt in ſtede.

MORD. They, that conſpire in faults offend alike:
Crime makes them equall, whom it iointly ſtaines.
If for my ſake you then pertooke my guilt,
You cannot guiltleſſe ſeeme, the crime was ioint.

GVEN. Well ſhould ſhould ſhe ſeeme moſt guiltleſſe vnto thee,
What e'r ſhe be, that's guiltie for thy ſake.
The remnant of that ſober minde, which thou
Hadſt heretofore nere vanquiſht, yet reſiſts.
Suppreſſe for ſhame that impious mouth ſo taught,
And to much I kild t'abuſe the wedded bed.
Looke backe to former Fates: Troy ſtill had ſtrode,
Had not her Prince made light of wedlocks lore.
The vice, that threw downe Troy, doth threat thy Throne:
Take heede: there Mordred ſtands, whence Paris fell. Exit.

CONA. Since that your highnes knowes for certaine truth
What power your ſire prepares to claime his right:
It nerely now concernes you to reſolue
In humbleſt ſort to reconcile your ſelfe.
Gainſt his returne: MORD. will warre, CONA. that lies in chaunce.

MORD. I haue as great a ſhare in chaunce, as he.
CONA. His waies be blinde, that maketh chaunce his guide.
MORD. Whoſe refuge lies in chaunce, what dares he not?
CONA. Warres were a crime farre worſe then all the reſt.
MORD. The ſafeſt paſſage is from bad to worſe.
CONA. That were to paſſe too farre, and put no meane.
MORD. He is a foole, that puts a meane in crimes.
CONA. But ſword and fire would cauſe a common woumd.
MORD. So ſword and fire will often ſcarre the ſoare.

NA. Extremest cures must not be vsed first.
ORD. In desperate times, the headlong way is best.
NA. Y'haue many foes. MORD. No more then faythfull friends.
NA. Trust to't, their faith will faint, where Fortune failes.
Where many men pretend a loue to one,
Whose power may doe what good, and harme he will:
T'is hard to say, which be his faithfull friends.
Dame Flatterie flitteth oft: she loues and hates
With time, a present friend an absent foe.
But yet y'll hope the best: Euen then you feare
The worst. Feares follow hopes, as fumes doe flames.
Mischiefe is sometimes safe: but ne'r secure:
The wrongfull Scepter's held with trembling hand.
ORD. Whose rule wants right, his safety's in his Sword.
For Sword and Scepter comes to Kings at once.
The Kingliest point is to affect but right,
ONA. Weake is the Scepters hold, that seekes but right,
IORD. The care wherof hath danger'd many Crownes.
As much as water differeth from the fire,
So much man's profit tarres from what is iust.
A free recourse to wrong doth oft secure
The doubtfull seate, and pincks downe many a foe.
The Sword must seldome cease: a Soueraignes hand
Is scantly safe, but whiles it smites. Let him
Vsurpe no Crowne, that likes a guiltles life:
Aspiring power and Iustice field agree.
He alwaies feares, that shames to offer wrong.
CONA. What sonne would vse such wrong against his sire?
MORD. Come sonne, come fire, I first preferre my selfe.
And since a wrong must be, then it excels,
When t'is to gaine a Crowne. I hate a peere,
I loath, I yke, I doe detest a head.
B'it Nature, be it Reason, be it Pride,
I loue to rule: my minde nor with, nor by,
Nor after any claimes, but chiefe and first.
CONA. Yet thinke what fame and grieuous bruits would runne
Of such disloyall and vniust attempts.
MORD. Fame goe's not with our Ghosts, the senseless soule
Once gone, neglects what vulgar bruite reports.
She is both light and vaine. CONAN. She noteth though.
She feareth States. CONAN. She carpeth ne'r the selfe.
She's soone suppresst. CONAN. As soone she springs againe.
MORD. Toungs are vntamde: and Fame is Enuies Dogge,
MORD. That absent barches, and present fawnes as fast.
It fearing dares, and yet hath neuer done,
But dures: though Death redeeme vs from all foes
Besides, yet Death redeemes vs not from Toungs.
E'r Arthur land, the Sea shall blush with blood.
And all the Strands with smoaking slaughters reeke.
Now (Mars) protect me in my first attempt.
If Mordred scape, this Realme shall want no warres.

Exeunt. CHORVS.

CHORVS.

1 See here the drifts of Gorlois Cornish Duke,
And deepe desire to shake his Soueraignes Throne:
How foule his fall, how bitter his rebuke,
Whiles wife, and weale, and life, and all be gone?
He now in Hell tormented wants that good:
Lo, lo the end of trayterous bones and blood.

2 Pendragon broylde with flames of filthy fires,
By Merlins mists inioyde Igerna's bed,
Next spoiled Gorlois doubting his desires,
Then was himselfe through force of poyson sped.
Who sowes in sinne, in sinne shall reape his paine;
The Doome is sworne: Death guerdon's death againe.

3 Whiles Arthur warres abroade and reapes renowne,
Gueneuora preferres his sonnes desire.
And trayterous Mordred still vsurpes the Crowne,
Affording fuell to her quenchlesse fire.
But Death's too good, and life too sweete for thease,
That wanting both, should tast of neithers ease.

4 In Rome the gaping gulfe would not decrease,
Till Curtius corse had closde her yawning iawes:
In Theb's the Rotte and Murreine would not cease,
Till Laius broode had paide for breach of lawes:
In Brytain warres and discord will not stent:
Till Vther's line and offspring quite be spent.

The Argument of the second Act.

1 IN the first Scene a Nuntio declareth the successe of Arth warres in France, and Mordred's foile that resisted his l ding.

2 In the second Scene Mordred enraged at the ouerthrow, v eth a second battaile, notwithstanding Conan's disswasio the contrarie.

3 In the third Scene Gawin (brother to Mordred by the ther) with an Heralt from Arthur to imparle of peace, but some debate thereof peace is reiected.

4 In the fourth Scene the King of Ireland & other forrein Pri assure Mordred of their assistane against Arthur.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the* second dumbe shewe.

WHILES the Musicke sounded there came out of *Mordred's* h man stately attyred representing a King, who walking once abo Stage. Then out of the house appointed for *Arthur*, there came *Nymphes* apparailed accordingly, the first holding a *Cornucopia* in her han second a golden braunch of Oliue, the third a sheaffe of *Corne*. These o one after another offered these presents to the King who scornefully refu

After the which there came a man bareheaded, with blacke long shagged haire downe to his shoulders, apparailed with an Irish Iacket and shirt, hauing an Irish dagger by his side and a dart in his hand. Who first with a threatning countenance looking about, and then spying the King, did furiously chase and driue him into *Mordreds* house. The King represented *Mordred*. The three *Nymphes* with their proffers the treatice of peace, for the which *Arthur* sent *Gawin* with an Herault vnto *Mordred* who reiected it: The Irish man signified Reuenge and Furie which *Mordred* conceiued after his foile on the Shoares, whereunto *Mordred* headlong yeeldeth himselfe.

THE SECOND act and first Scene.

Nuntius.

VNT. LOhere at length the stately type of Troy,
And Brytain land the promist teate of Brute.
Deckt with so many spoyles of conquered Kings.
Haile native soyle, these nine yeares space vnseene:
To thee hath long renowmed Rome at last
Held vp her hands, bereaft of former pompe.
But first inflamde with wonted valures heate,
Amidst our surest sledge and thickest bicyles,
She stoutly fought, and fiercely waged warres.
Tiberius courage gaue, vpbraiding oft
The Romane force, their wonted lucke, and long
Retained rule, by warres throughout the world.
What shame it were, since such atchiued spoiles,
And conquests gaind both farre and wide, to want
Of courage then, when most it should be mou'd.
How Brytaines erst paide tribute for their peace,
But now rebell, and dare them at their bones:
For what was Fraunce but theirs? Herewith incenst
They fiercely rau'd, and bent their force a fresh.
Which Arthur spying, cryed with thundring voyce,
Fye, (Brytaines) fye: what hath bewitcht you thus?
So many Nations foilde, must Romans foile?
What slouth is this? Haue you forgot to warre,
Which ne'r knew houre of peace? Turne to your foes,
Where you may bath in blood, and fight your fill.
Let courage worke: what can he not that dares?
Thus he puissant guide in doubtfull warres,
A shamde to shun his foes, inflamde his friends.
Then yeelding to his stately Stead the raignes,
He furious driues the Romaine troupes about:
He plies each place, least Fates mought alter ought,
Pursuing hap, and vrging each successe.
He yeelds in nought, but instantly persists
In all attempts, wherein what so withstands

his

His wish, he ioyes to worke a way by wracke.
And matching death to death, no passage seekes,
But what destruction works, with blade or blood.
He scornes the yeelded way, he fiercely raues
To breake and bruse the rancks in thickest throngs,
All headlong bent, and prone to present spoile.
The foes inforc't withstand; but much dismaide
They senselesse fight, whiles millions lose their liues.
At length Tiberius, pierst with point of speare,
Doth bleeding fall, engoard with deadly wound.
Hereat the rest recoile, and headlong flie,
Each man to saue himselfe. The battaile quailes
And Brytaines winne vnto their most renowne.
Then Arthur tooke Tiberius breathlesse Corse,
And sent it to the Senators at Rome,
With charge to say: This is the tribute due
Which Arthur ought, as time hereafter serues,
He'il pay the like againe: the whiles he rests
Your debtor thus. But O! this this sweete successe
Pursu'd with greater harmes, turn'd soone to sowre.
For lo: when forreine soiles and seas were past
With safe returne, and that the King should land:
Who, but his onely sonne (O outrage rare)
With hugie hoast withstoode him at the shoare?
There were preparde the forreine aides from farre,
There were the borowed powers of diuers Kings,
There were our parents, brethren, sonnes and kinne,
Their wrath, their ire, there Mordred was thy rage.
Where erst we sought abroade for foes to foile,
Beholde, our Fates had sent vs foes vnsought.
When forreine Realmes supplanted want supplie:
O blessed Home, that hath such boonne in store.
But let this part of Arthurs prowesse lurke,
Nor let it e'r appeare by my report,
What monstrous mischiefes raue in ciuill warres.
O rather let due teares, and waylings want:
Let all in silence sinke, what hence insu'd.
What best deserueth mention here, is this:
That Mordred vanquisht trusted to his flight,
That Arthur ech where victor is returnd.
And lo: where Mordred comes with heauy head,
He wields no slender waight that wields a Crowne. Exit.

The second scene.

Mordred. Conan.

MORD. And hath he wonne? Be Stronds & shoares possest?
Is Mordred foilde? the realme is yet vnwonne:
And Mordred liues reseru'd for Arthurs death:

Well: t'was my firſt conflict: I knew not yet
What warres requir'd: but now my ſworde is fleſht,
And taught to goare and bath in hoateſt blonde.
Then thinke not Arthur that the Crowne is wonne:
Thy firſt ſucceſſe may rue our next aſſault.
Euen at our next incounter (hap when 'twill)
I vowe by heauen, by Earth, by Hell, by all,
That either thou, or I, or both ſhall dye.

CONA. Nought ſhoulde be rafhly vowde againſt your ſire.
MORD. Whole breaſt is free from rage may ſoone be adui'de.
CONA. The beſt redreſſe for rage is to relent.
MORD. Tis better for a King to kill his foes.
CONA. So that the Subiects alſo indge them foes.
MORD. The Subiects muſt not indge their Kings decrees.
CONA. The Subiects force is great. ARTH. Greater the Kings.
CONA. The more you may, the more you ought to feare.
MORD. He is a fole, that feareth what he may.
CONA. Not what you may, but what you ought is iuſt,
MORD. He that amongſt ſo many, ſo muſt,
Seekes to be iuſt, ſeekes perill to him ſelfe.
CONA. A greater perill comes by breach of lawes.
MORD. The Lawes doe licence as the Soueraigne liſts.
CONA. Leſt ought he iuſt, whom lawes doe licence moſt.
MORD. Imperiall power abhorres to be reſtrainde.
CONA. As much doe meaner mindes to be compeld.
MORD. The Fates haue heau'de and rail'de my force on high.
CONA. The gentler ſhoulde you priſe thoſe, that are low.
MORD. I would be feard: CONA. The cauſe why Subiects hate.
MORD. A Kingdom's kept by feare. CONA. And loſt by hate.
He feares as man himſelfe, whom many feare.
MORD. The tumerous Subiect dares attempt no chaunge.
CONA. What dares not deſperate dread? CONA. What future threats.
CONA. O ſpare, t'weare ſafer to be lou'de. MORD. As ſafe
To be obaide. CONA. Whiles you commaund but well.
MORD. Where Rulers dare commaund but what is well:
Powre is but prayer, commaundment but requeſt.
CONA. If powre be voyde with right, men muſt obay.
MORD. My will muſt goe for right. CONA. If they aſſent.
MORD. My ſworde ſhall force aſſent: CONA. The Gods forbid.
MORD. What: ſhall I ſtande whiles Arthur ſheaths my blonde:
And muſt I yeelde my necke vnto the Axe:
Whom Fates conſtrayne, let him forgoe his bliſſe:
But he that needleſſe yeldes vnto his bane,
When he may ſhunne, doth well deſerue to looſe
The good he cannot vſe: who woulde ſuſtaine
A baſer life, that may maintaine the beſt:
We cannot part the Crowne: A regall Throne
Is not for two: The Scepter fittes but one.
But whether is the fitter of vs two,
That muſt our ſworddes decerne: and ſhortly ſhall.
CONA. How much were you to be renowmed more,

If cast'ing off these ruinous attempts,
You woulde take care howe to supplie the losse,
Which former warres, and forraine broyles haue wrought.
Howe to deserue the peoples heartes with peace,
With quiet rest, and deepe desired ease.
Not to increase the rage that long hath raigned,
Nor to destroy the realme, you seeke to rule.
Your Father reared it vp, you plucke it downe.
You loose your Countrey whiles you winne it thus:
To make it yours, you striue to make it none.
Where Kings impose too much, the commons grudge:
Goodwill withdrawes, assent becomes but slowe.

MORD. Must I to gaine renowne, incurre my plague,
Or hoping prayse sustaine an exiles life?
Must I for Countries ease displease my selfe,
Or for their loue dispise my owne estate?
No. 'Tis my happe that Brytain serues my tourne,
That feare of me doth make the Subiects crouch,
That what they grudge, they do constrayned yeelde.
If their assents be slowe, my wrath is swift,
Whom fauour failes to bende, let furie breake.
If they be yet to learne, let terrour teach,
What Kings may doe, what Subiects ought to beare.
Then is a Kingdome at a wished staye,
When whatsoeuer the Soueraigne wills, or nilles,
Men be compelde as well to praise, as beare,
And Subiects willes inforc'd against their willes.

CONA. But who so seekes true praise, and iust renowme,
Would rather seeke their prayling heartes, then tongues.

MORD. True praise may happen to the baselt groome,
A forced prayse to none, but to a Prince.
I wish that most, that Subiects most repine.

CONA. But yet where warres doe threaten your estate,
There needeth friendes to fortifie your Crowne.

MORD. Ech Crowne is made of that attractiue moulde,
That of it selfe it drawes a full defence.

CONA. That is a iust, and no vsurped Crowne.
And better were an exiles life, then thus
Disloyally to wronge your Sire and Liedge.
Thinke not that impious crimes can prosper long,
A time they scape, in time they be repaide.

MORD. The hugest crimes bring best successe to some.

CONA. Those some be rare. MORD. Why may not I be rare?

CONA. It was their hap. MORD. It is my hope. CONA. But hope
May misse, where hap doth hurle. MORD. So hap may hit,
Where hope doth aime. CONAN. But hap is last, and rules
The stearne. MORD. So hope is first, and hoists the saile.

CONA. Yet feare: the first and last doe fielde agree.

MORD. Nay dare: the first and last haue many meanes.
But cease at length: your speach molests me much:
My minde is fixt. Giue Mordred leaue to doe,

What Conan neither can allow, nor like.
CONA. But loe an Herault sent from Arthurs hoast:
Gods graunt his message may portend our good.

The third scene.

Herault. Gawin. Mordred.

HERA. YOVR Sire (O Prince) considering what distresse,
The Realme sustaines by both your mutuall warres,
Hath sent your brother Gawin Albane King
To treate of truce, and to imparle of peace.
MORD. Speake brother: what commaundment sends my Sire?
What message doe you bring? My life, or death?
GAWI. A message farre vnmeete, most needefull tho.
The Sire commaunds not, where the Sonne rebels:
His loue descends too deepe to wish your death.
MORD. And mine ascends to high to wish his life.
GAWI. Yet thus he offreth: though your faults be great,
And most disloyall to his deeps abuse:
Yet yeelde your selfe: he'il be as prone to grace,
As you to ruth: An Uncle, Sire, and Liedge.
And fitter were your due submission done,
Then wrongfull warres to reaue his right and Realme.
MORD. It is my fault, that he doth want his right:
It is his owne, to vexe the Realme with warres.
GAWI. It is his right, that he attempts to seeke:
It is your wrong, that driueth him thereto.
MORD. T'is his insatiate minde, that is not so content,
Which hath so many Kingdomes more besides.
GAWI. The more you ought to tremble at his powre.
MORD. The greater is my conquest, if I winne.
GAWI. The more your foile, if you should hap to loose.
For Arthurs fame, and vallure's such, as you
Should rather imitate, or at the least
Enuie, if hope of better fansies failde.
For whereas Enuie raignes, though it repines,
Yet doth it feare a greater then it selfe.
MORD. He that enuies the valure of his foe,
Detects a want of valure in himselfe.
He fondly fights, that fights with such a foe,
Where t'were a shame to loose, no praise to winne:
But with a famous foe, succeede what will,
To winne is great renowne, to loose lesse foile.
His conquests, were they more, dismaie me not:
The oftner they haue beene, the more they threat.
No danger can be thought both safe, and oft:
And who 'hath oftner waged warres then he?
Escapes secure him not: he owes the price:
Whom chaunce hath often miss, chaunce hits at length

Or,

Or, if that Chaunce haue furthered his ſucceſſe,
So may ſhe mine: for Chaunce hath made me king.

GAWI. As Chaunce hath made you King, ſo Chaunce may change.
Prouide for peace: that's it the higheſt piers,
No ſtate except, euen Conquerours ought to ſeeke.
Remember Arthurs ſtrength, his conqueſtes late,
His fierie mynde, his high aſpiring heart.
Marke then the oddes: he expert, you vntried:
He ripe, you greene: yeelde you, whiles yet you may,
He will not yeelde: he winnes his peace with warres.

MODR. If Chaunce may chaunge, his Chaunce was laſt to winne.
The likelier now to looſe: his hautie heart
And minde I know: I feele mine owne no leſſe.
As for his ſtrength, and ſkill, I leaue to happe:
Where many meete, it lies not all in one.
What though he vanquiſht haue the Romaine troupes?
That bootes him not: him ſelfe is vanquiſht here.
Then waigh your wordes againe: if Conquerours ought
To ſeeke for peace: The Conquered muſt perforce.
But he'ill not yeelde, he'il purchaſe peace with warres.
Well: yeelde that will: I neither will, nor can:
Come peace, come warres, chuſe him: my danger's his,
His ſafetie mine, our ſtates doe ſtande alike.
If peace be good, as good for him, as me:
If warres be good, as good for me, as him.

GAWI. What Curſed warres (alas) were thoſe, wherein
Both ſonne and ſire ſhoulde ſo oppoſe themſelues?
Him, whom you nowe vnhappie man purſue,
If you ſhould winne, your ſelfe would firſt bewayle.
Giue him his Crowne, to keepe it perill breeds.

MORD. The Crowne Ile keepe my ſelfe: inſue what will:
Death muſt be once: how ſoone, I leſt reſpect.
He beſt prouides that can beware in time,
Not why, nor when: but whence, and where he fals.
What foole, to line a yeare or twaine in reſt,
Would looſe the ſtate, and honour of a Crowne?

GAWI. Conſider then your Fathers griefe, and want:
Whom you bereaue of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne.

MORD. Truſt me: a huge and mightie kingdome tis,
To beare the want of Kingdome, Realme, and Crowne.

GAWI. A common want, which woorkes ech worldlings woe,
That many haue too much, but none inough.
It were his praiſe, could he be ſo content.
Which makes you guiltie of the greater wrong.
Wherefore thinke on the doubtfull ſtate of warres,
Where Mars hath ſway, he keepes no certayne courſe.
Sometimes he lettes the weaker to preuaile,
Some times the ſtronger ſtoupes: hope, feare, and rage
With eyelelſe lott rules all, vncertayne good,
Moſt certaine harmes, be his allured happes.
No lucke can laſt, nowe here, nowe their it lights:

No state alike, Chaunce blindly snatcheth all,
And Fortune maketh guiltie whom she listes.
MORD. Since therefore feare, and hope, and happe in warres
Be all obscure, till their successe be seene:
Your speach doth rather driue me on to trie,
And trust them all, mine onely refuge now.
GAWI. And feare you not so strange and vncouth warres?
MORD. No, were they warres that grew from out the ground.
GAWI. Nor yet your fire so huge, your selfe so small?
MORD. The smallest axe may fell the hugest oake.
GAWI. Nor that in felling him, your selfe may fall?
MORD. He falleth well, that falling fells his foe.
GAWI. Nor common Chance whereto each man is thrall?
MORD. Small manhood were to turne my backe to Chance,
GAWI. Nor that, if Chance afflict, kings brooke it not?
MORD. I beare no breast so vnprepard for harmes.
Euen that I holde the kingliest point of all,
To brooke afflictions well: And by how much
The more his state and tottering Empire sagges,
To fire so much the faster foote on ground.
No feare but doth forejudge, and many fall
Into their Fate, whiles they doe feare their Fate,
Where courage quailes, the feare exceeds the harme,
Yea worse than warre it selfe, is feare of warre.
GAWI. Warre seemeth sweete to such as haue not tried:
But wisedome wils we should forecast the worst.
The end allowes the act: that plot is wise,
That knowes his meanes, and least relies on Chance.
Eschue the course where errour lurkes, their growes
But grieke, where paine is spent, no hope to speed.
Striue not aboue your strength: for where your force
Is ouer matchte with your attempts, it faints,
And fruitlesse leaues, what bootlesse it began.
MORD. All things are rulde in constant course: No Fate
But is foreset, The first daie leades the last.
No wisedome then: but difference in concert,
Which workes in many men, as many mindes.
Doo loue the meane, and follow vertues race:
I like the top, and aime at greater blisse.
You rest content, my minde aspires to more:
In briefe, you feare, I hope: you doubt, I dare.
Since then the sagest counsailes are but strifes,
Where equall wits may wreast each side alike,
Let counsaile go: my purpose must proceede:
Each likes his course, mine owne doth like me best.
Wherefore e'r Arthur breath, or gather strength,
Assault we him: least he assault vs first.
He either must destroie, or be destroide.
The mischiefe's in the midst: catch he that can.
GAWI. But will no reason rule that desperate minde?
MORD. A fickle minde that eutrie reason rules.

I reſt reſolu'd: and to my Sire ſay thus:
If here he ſtay but three daies to an end,
And not forthwith diſcharge his band and hoaſt,
Tis Mordreds oath: aſſure himſelfe to die.
But if he finde his courage ſo to ſerue,
As for to ſtand to his defence with force:
In Cornewale if he dare, I'le trye it out.

GAWI. O ſtrange contempt: like as the craggy roeke,
Reſiſts the ſtreames, and flings the waltering waues
A loofe, ſo he reiects and ſcornes my words. Exit.

The fourth ſcene.

Gilla, Gillamor, Cheldrichus, Dux Pictorum, Conan.

MORD. LOrd, where (as they decreéd) my faithfull friends
Haue kept their time, be all your powers repaird?

GILLA. They be: and all with ardent mindes to Mars,
They cry for warres, and longing for th'allarme
Euen now they wiſh t'incounter with their foes.

MORD. What could be wiſht for more? Puiſſant King.
For your great helpe and valiant Iriſh force,
If I obtaine the conqueſt in theſe warres,
Whereas my father claimes a tribute due
Out of your Realme, I here renounce it quite.
And if aſſiſtance néede in doubtfull times,
I will not faile to aide you with the like.

GYLL. It doth ſuffice me to diſcharge my Realme,
Or at the leaſt to wreke me on my foes.
I rather like to liue your friend and piere,
Then reſt in Arthurs homage and diſgrace.

MORD. Right noble Duke, through whom the Saxons powe
Their liues with mine, for my defence in warres:
If we preuaile and may ſubdue our foes:
I will in liew of your ſo high deſerts,
Geue you and yours all Britiſh lands that lie
Betweene the flouds of Humber, and the Scottes,
Beſides as much in Kent as Horſus and
Hengiſtus had, when Vortigern was King.

CHEL. Your gracious proffers I accept with thankes,
Not for the gaine, but that the good deſire
I haue henceforth to be your ſubiect here,
May thereby take effect: which I eſteeme
More then the rule I beare in Saxon ſoile.

MORD. (Renowned Lord) for your right hardy Picts,
And choſen warriers to maintaine my cauſe,
If our attempts receiue a good ſucceſſe,
The Albane Crowne I giue to you and yours.

PICT. Your highnes bountie in so high degrée,
Were cause inough to moue me to my best.
But sure your selfe, without regard of meede,
Should finde both me and mine at your commaund.

MORD. Lord Gilla, if my hope may take successe,
And that I be thereby vndoubted King,
The Cornish Dukedome I allot to you.

GILLA. My Liedge to further your desir'd attempts,
I ioyfully shall spend my dearest blood.
The rather, that I found the King your Sire
So heauy Lord to me, and all my stocke.

MORD. Since then our rest is on't, and we agrée
To warre it out: what resteth now but blowes?
Diuine Destinies on with swords, Mars frames the meanes,
Henceforth what Mordred may, now lies in you.
Ere long if Mars insue with good successe,
Looke whatsoe'r it be, that Arthur claimes,
By right, a wrong, or conquests gaind with blood,
In Brytaine, or abroade is mine to giue.
To shewe I would haue said: I cannot giue,
What euery hand must giue vnto it selfe.
Whereof who lists to purchase any share,
Now let him seeke and winne it with his Sword:
The Fates haue laide it open in the field.
What Starres (O heauens) or Poles, or Powers diuine
Doe graunt so great rewards for those that winne?
Since then our common good, and ech mans care
Requires our ioint assistance in these toyles:
Shall we not hazard our extreamest hap,
And rather spend our Fates, then spare our foes?
The cause, I care for most, is chiefely yours:
This hand and hart shall make mine owne secure.
That man shall see me foiled by my selfe,
What e'r he be, that sees my foe vnfoilde.
Feare not the feild because of Mordreds faults,
Nor shrinke one iotte the more for Arthurs right.
Full safely Fortune gydeth many a guilt,
And Fates haue none but wretches whom they wrenche.
Wherefore make speede to cheare your Souldiers harts,
That to their fires you yet may adde more flames.
The side that seekes to winne in ciuill warres,
Must not content it selfe with woonted heate.

Exeunt omnes preter Mordred & Conan.

CONA. WOuld God your highnes had beene more aduisde,
Ere too much will had drawen your wits too farre:
Then had no warres indangerd you, nor yours,
Nor Mordreds cause required forreine care.

MORD. A troubled head: my minde reuolts to feare,
And beares my body backe: I inwards feele my fall.

My

My thoughts misgeue me much: downe terror: I
Perceiue mine ende: and desperate though I muſt
Deſpiſe Diſpaire, and somewhat hopeleſſe hope.
The more I doubt, the more I dare: by feare
I finde the fact is fittest for my fame.
What though I be a ruine to the Realme,
And fall my selfe therewith? No better end.
His last mishaps doe make a man secure.
Such was King Priams ende, who, when he dyed,
Closde and wrapt vp his Kingdome in his death.
A solemne pompe, and fit for Mordreds minde,
To be a graue and tombe to all his Realme. Exeunt.

CHORVS.

1 Ye Princely Peeres extold to seates of State,
Seeke not the faire, that soone will turne to fowle:
Oft is the fall of high and houering Fate,
And rare the roome, which time doth not controwle.
The safest seate is not on highest hill,
Where windes, and stormes, and thunders thumpe their ill.
Farre safer were to follow sound adwile,
Then for such pride to pay so deare a price.

2 The mounting minde that climes the hauty clifes,
And soaring seekes the tip of lofty type,
Intoxicats the braine with guddy wifes,
Then rowles, and reeles, and falles at length plum ripe.
Loe: heauing hie is of so small forecast,
To totter first, and tumble downe at last.
Yet Pægasus still reares himselfe on hie,
And coltishly doth kicke the cloudes in Skie.

3 Who sawe the griefe engrauen in a Crowne,
Or knew the bad and bane whereto it's bound:
Would neuer sticke to throwe and fling it downe,
Nor once vouchsafe to heaue it from the ground.
Such is the sweete of this ambitious powne,
No sooner had, then turnde eftsoones to sowre:
Atchieu'd with enuie, exercisde with hate,
Garded with feare, supported with debate.

4 O restlesse race of high aspyring head,
O worthlesse rule both pitryed and inuied:
How many Millions to their losse you lead:
With loue and lure of Kingdomes blisse intryed:
So things vntasted cause a quenchlesse thirst,
Which, were they knowne, would be refused first,
Yea, oft we see, yet seeing cannot shonne
The fact, we finde as fondly dar'd, as donne.

The

The argument of the third Act.

1 IN the first Scene Cador and Howell incite and exhort Arthur vnto warre: Who mooued with Fatherly affection towards his sonne, notwithstanding their perswasions resolueth vpon peace.

2 In the second Scene, an Herault is sent from Mordred to commaund Arthur to discharge his armies vnder paine of death, or otherwise if he dare, to trie it by Battaile.

3 In the third Scene Arthur calleth his Assistants and Souldiers together, whom he exhorteth to pursue their foes.

4 In the fourth Scene Arthur between griefe and despaire resolueth to warre.

¶ The Argument and manner of the third dumbe shewe.

DVring the Musicke after the second Act. There came vppon the stage two gentlemen attyred in peaceable manner, which brought with them a Table, Carpet, and Cloth: and then hauing couered the Table they furnisht it with incense on the one ende, and banqueting dishes on the other ende: Next there came two gentlemen apparelled like Souldiers with two naked Swordes in their handes, the which they laide a crosse vpon the Table. Then there came two sumptuously attyred and warrelike, who, spying this preparation smelled the incense and tasted the banquet. During the which there came a Messenger and deliuered certaine letters to those two that fedde on the daineties: who, after they had well viewed and perused the letters, furiously flung the banquet vnder feete: and violently snatching the Swordes vnto them, they hastily went their way. By the first two that brought in the banquet was meant the seruaunts of Peace, by the second two were meant the seruaunts of Warre: By the two last were meant *Arthur* and *Cador*, By the Messenger and his Letters was meant the defiance from *Mordred*.

THE THIRD ACT and second scene.

Arthur. Cador. Howell.

ARTH. IS this the welcome that my Realme prepares?
Be these the thankes I winne for all my warres?
Thus to forbid me land? to slaie my friends?
To make their bloud distaine my Countries shoares?
My sonne (belike) least that our force should faint
For want of warres, prepardst vs warres himselfe.
He thought (perhaps) it mought empaire our faine,

If none rebeld, whose fotle might praise our power.
Is this the fruit of Mordreds forward youth,
And tender age discreet beyond his yeres?
O false and guilfull life, O craftie world:
How cunningly connaiest thou fraude vnseene?
Thambicious seemeth meeke, the wanton chast,
Disguised vice for vertue vaunts it selfe.
Thus (Arthur) thus hath Fortune plaid her part,
Blinde for thy weale, cleare sighted for thy woe.
Thy kingdoune's gone, thy phere affordes no faith,
Thy sonne rebels, of all thy wonted pompe
No tot is left, and Fortune hides her face.
No place is left for prosperous plight, mishaps
Haue roome and waies to runne and walke at will.
Lo (Cador) both our states, your daughter's trust,
My sonn's respect, our hopes repose in both.

CADO. The time (puissant Prince) permits not now
To moane our wrongs, or search each seuerall sore.
Since Arthur thus hath ransackt all abroade,
What meruaile ist, if Mordred raue at home?
When farre and neere your warres had worne the world,
What warres were left for him, but ciuill warres,
All which requires reuenge with sword and fire,
And to pursue your foes with prelence force.
In iust attempts Mars giues a righefull doome.

ARTH. Nay rather (Cador) let them runne their race,
And leaue the Heauens reuengers of my wrong.
Since Brytaines prosperous state is thus debaude
In seruile sort to Mordreds cursed pride,
Let me be thrall, and leade a priuate life:
None can refuse the yoake his Countrie beares.
But as for warres, insooth my flesh abhorres,
To bid the battayle to my proper bloud.
Great is the loue, which nature doth inforce
From kin to kin, but most from sire to sonne.

HOWE. The noble necke disdaines the seruile yoke,
Where rule hath pleasde, subiection seemeth strange.
A King ought alwaies to preferre his Realme,
Before the loue he beares to kin or sonne.
Your Realme destroide is neere restord againe,
But time may send you kine and sonnes inough.

ARTH. How hard it is to rule th'aspiring minde,
And what a kingly point it seemes to those,
Whose Lordlie hands the stately Scepter swaies,
Still to pursue the drift they first decreed:
My wonted minde and kingdome lets me know.
Thinke not, but if you driue this hazard on,
Ile desperate will resolue to winne or die:
Whereof who knowes which were the greater guilt,
The sire to slaie the sonne, or sonne the sire.

CADO. If bloudie Mars doe so extreamly swaie,

That either ſonne or ſire muſt needs be ſlaine,
Geue Lawe the choice: let him die that deſerues.
Each impotent affection notes a want.
No worſe a vice then lentie in Kings,
Remiſſe indulgence ſoone vndoes a Realme.
He teacheth how to ſinne, that winkes at ſinnes,
And bids offend, that ſuffereth an offence.
The onely hope of leaue increaſeth crimes,
And he that pardoneth one, emboldneth all
To breake the Lawes. Each patience ſoſtereth wrongs.
But vice ſeuerely puniſht faints at foote,
And creepes no further off, then where it falls.
One ſower example will preuent more vice,
Than all the beſt perſwaſions in the world.
Rough rigour lookes out right, and ſtill preuailes:
Smooth mildneſſe lookes too many waies to thriue.
Wherefore ſince Mordreds crimes haue wrongd the Lawes
In ſo extreame a ſort, as is too ſtrange:
Let right and iuſtice rule with rigours aide,
And worke his wracke at length, although too late:
That damning Lawes, ſo damned by the Lawes,
Hee may receiue his deepe deſerued doome.
So let it fare with all, that dare the like:
Let ſword, let fire, let torments be their end.
Seueritie vpholds both Realme and rule.

ARTH. Ah too ſeuere, farre from a Fathers minde.
Compaſſion is as fit for Kings as wrath.
Lawes muſt not lowre. Rule oft admitteth ruthe.
So hate, as if there were yet cauſe to loue:
Take not their liues as foes, which may be friends.
To ſpoile my ſonne were to diſpoile my ſelfe:
Oft, whiles we ſeeke our foes, we ſeeke our foiles.
Let's rather ſeeke how to allure his minde
With good deſerts: deſerts may winne the worſt.

HOWE. Where Cato firſt had ſaued a theefe from death,
And after was himſelfe condemnd to die:
When elſe not one would execute the doome,
Who but the theefe did vndertake the taſke?
If too much bountie worke ſo bad effects
In thankleſſe friends, what for a ruthleſſe foe?
Let Lawes haue ſtill their courſe, the ill diſpoſde
Grudge at their liues, to whom they owe too much.

ARTH. But yet where men with reconciles mindes
Renue their loue with recontinued grace,
Attonement frames them friends of former foes,
And makes the moodes of ſwelling wrath to ſwage.
No faſter friendſhip, than that growes from griefe,
When melting mindes with mutuall ruth relent.
How cloſe the ſeuered ſkinne vnites againe,
When ſalues haue ſmoothlie healed the former hurts?

CADO. I neuer yet ſawe hurt ſo ſmoothly heald,

But

But that the ſkarre bewraid the former woūd:
Yea, where the ſalue did ſooneſt cloſe the ſkinne,
The ſore was oftner couered vp than cur'de.
Which feſtering deepe and filde within, at laſt
With ſodaine breach grew greater than at firſt,
What then for mindes, which haue reuenging moodes,
And ne'r forget the croſſe they forced beare?
Whereto if reconcilement come, it makes
The t'one ſecure, whiles t'other workes his will.
Attonement field defeates, but oft deferres
Reuenge: beware a reconciled foe.

ARTH. Well, what anailes to linger in this life,
Which Fortune but reſerues for greater grieke?
This breath drawes on but matter of miſhap:
Death onely frees the guiltleſſe from anoies.
Who ſo hath felt the force of greedie Fates,
And dur'de the laſt decree of grillie death,
Shall neuer yeeld his captiue armes to chaines,
Nor drawne in triumph decke the victors pompe.

HOWE. What meane theſe words? Is Arthur fore'de to feare,
Is this the fruit of your continuall warres,
Euen from the firſt remembrance of your youth?

ARTH. My youth (I graunt) and prime of budding yeares
Puft vp with pride and fond deſire of praiſe,
Foreweening nought what perils might enſue,
Aduentured all, and raught to will the raignes.
But now this age requires a ſager courſe,
And will aduiſde by harmes to wiſedome yeelds.
Thoſe ſwelling ſpirits the ſelfe ſame cauſe which firſt
Set them on gog, euen Fortunes fauours quaild.
And now mine oftneſt ſhapes doe ſkare me moſt,
I feare the trappe, whereat I oft haue tript:
Experience tels me plaine that Chance is fraile,
And oft, the better paſt, the worſe to come.

CADO. Reſiſt theſe doubts: tis ill to yeeld to harmes.
T'is ſafeſt then to dare when moſt you feare.

ARTH. As ſafe ſometimes to feare, when moſt we dare.
A cauſeleſſe courage giues repentance place.

HOWE. If Fortune fawne. ARTH. Each waie on me ſhe frowns.
For winne I, looſe I, both procure my griefe.

CADO. But caſe you winne, what griefe? ARTH. Admit I doe,
What ioy? CADOR. Then may you rule. ARTH. When I may d
CADO. To rule is much. ARTH. Small if we couet naught.
CADO. Who couets not a Crowne. ARTH. He that diſcernes
The ſwoord aloft. CADOR. That hangeth faſt. ARTH. But by
A haire. CADOR. Right holdes it vp. ARTH. Wrong puls it dow
CADO. The Commons helpe the King. ARTH. They ſometimes hurt.
CADO. At leaſt the Peeres. ARTH. Field, if allegeance want.
CADO. Yet Soueraignitie. ARTH. Not, if allegeance faile.
CADO. Doube not, the Realme is yours. ARTH. T'was mine till now.
CADO. And ſhall be ſtill. ARTH. If Mordred liſt. CADOR. T'were wr

Your crowne were wonne. ARTH. Perhaps tis better lost.
OWE. The name of rule should moue a princely minde.
RTH. Trust me, bad things haue often glorious names.
OWE. The greatest good that Fortune can afford.
RTH. A dangerous good that wisedome would eschue.
OWE. Yet waigh the hearesaie of the olde renowme,
And Fame the Wonderer of the former age:
Which still extolls the facts of worthyest wights,
Preferring no deserts before your deeds.
Euen she exhorts you to this new attempts,
Which left vntryde your winnings be but losse.
RTH. Small credit will be giuen of matters past
To Fame, the Flatterer of the former age.
Were all beleeu'd which antique huite imports,
Yet wisedome waighes the perill ioinde to praise:
Rare is the Fame (marke well all ages gone)
Which hath not hurt the house it most enhaun'st.
Besides, Fame's but a blast that sounds a while,
And quickely stints, and then is quite forgot.
Looke whatsoe'r our vertues haue atchieu'd,
The Chaos vast and greedy time deuours.
To day all Europe rings of Arthurs praise:
T'wilbe as nought, as if I ne'r had beene.
What bootes it then to venture life or limme,
For that, which needes e'r long we leaue, or loose,
CADO. Can blinde affection so much bleare the wise,
Or loue of graceless Sonne so witch the Sire:
That what concernes the honour of a Prince
With Countries good and Subiects iust request,
Should lightly be contemned by a King:
When Lucius sent but for his tribute due,
You went with thirteene Kings to roote him out:
Haue Romaines, for requiring but their owne,
Aboad your nine yeares hunts: Shall Mordred scape,
That wrong'd you thus in honour, Queene, and Realme:
Were this no cause to stirre a King to wrath,
Yet should your Conquests late atchieu'd gainst Rome
Inflame your minde with thirst of full reuenge.
ARTH. Indeede, continuall warres haue chafte our mindes,
And good successe hath bred impatient moodes.
Rome pusses vs vp, and makes vs two two fierce:
There, Brytaines, there we stand, whence Rome did fall.
Thou Lucius mak'st me proude, thou heau'st my minde:
But what? shall I esteeme a Crowne ought else,
Then as a gorgeous Creast of easeless helme,
Or as some brittel mould of glorious pompe,
Or glittering glasse, which, whiles it shines, it breakes?
All this a sodaine Chaunce may dash, and not
Perhaps with thirteene Kings, or in nine yeares:
All may not finde so slowe and lingring Fates.
What, that my Country cryes for due remorse

And

And some relieſe for long ſuſtained toyles:
By Seas and Lands I dayly wrought her wracke,
And ſpare elſe ſpent her life on euery foe.
Eche where my Souldiers periſht, whileſt I wonne:
Throughout the world my Conqueſt was their ſpoile.
A faire reward for all their deaths, for all
Their warres abroad, to giue them ciuill warres.
What bootes it them reſeru'd from forreine foiles
To die at home? What ende of rutheleſſe rage?
At leaſt let age, and Nature worne to nought,
Prouide at length their graues with wiſhed groanes.
Pitty their hoary haires, their feeble fits,
Their withered limbs, their ſtrengths conſumde in Campe.
Muſt they ſtill ende their liues amongeſt the blades?
Reſts there no other Fate whiles Arthur raignes?
What deeme you me? a furie feede with blood,
Or ſome Ciclopian borne and bred for braules?
Thinke on the minde, that Arthur beares to peace:
Can Arthur pleaſe you no where but in warres?
Be witneſſe Heauens how farre t'is from my minde,
Therewith to ſpoile or ſacke my native ſoile:
I cannot yeelde, it brookes not in my breaſt,
To ſeeke her ruine, whom I erſt haue rulde.
What reliques now ſo e'r both ciuill broyles,
And forreine warres haue left, let thoſe remaine:
Th'are fewe inough, and Brytaines fall too faſt.

The ſecond ſcene.

An Herault from Mordred.

HOWE. LO here an Herault ſent from Mordreds Campe,
A froward meſſage, if I rede aright:
We mought not ſtirre his wrath: perhaps this may:
Perſwaſions cannot moue a Brytaines mood,
And yet none ſooner ſtung with preſent wrong.

HERAV. Haile peereleſſe Prince, whiles Fortune would, our King,
Though now bereft of Crowne and former rule.
Vouchſafe me leaue my meſſage to impart,
No iotte infoyſt, but as your Sonne affoords.
If here you ſtay but three dayes to an ende,
And not forthwith diſcharge your bands and hoaſt,
T'is Mordreds oath: Aſſure your ſelfe to die.
But if you finde your courage ſo to ſerue,
As for to ſtand to your defence with force,
In Cornewell (if you dare) he'l trye it out.

ARTH. Is this the choyce my Sonne doth ſend his Sire,
And muſt I die? Or trye it if I dare?
To die were ill, thus to be dar'd is worſe.

Diſplay

Display my standart forth, let Trumpe and Drumme
Call Souldiers here, to heare their Soueraignes heast.

The third scene.

Gawin King of Albanie, Aschillus King of Denmarke, King of Norway. A number of Souldiers.

ARTH. O Friends and fellowes of my weriest toyles,
Which haue borne out with me so many brunts,
And desperate stormes of wars and brainsicke Mars:
Loe now the hundreth month wherein we winne.
Hath all the bloud we spent in forreine Coasts,
The wounds, and deaths, and winters hoad abroade,
Deserued thus to be disgrac'd at home?
All Brytaine rings of warres: No towne, nor fielde
But swarmes with armed troupes: the mustering traines
Stop vp the streetes: no lesse a tumult's raisde,
Then when Hengistus fell and Horsus fierce
With treacherous truce did ouerrunne the Realme.
Each corner threatneth Death: both farre and nere
Is Arthur vext. What if my force had faild,
And standarde faine, and enlignes all beene torne,
And Roman troupes pursude me at the heeles,
With luckelesse warres assaid in forreine soiles?
Now that our Fortune heaues vs vp thus hie,
And heauens themselues renewe our olde renowme:
Must we be darde? Nay, let that Princocke come,
That knowes not yet himselfe, nor Arthurs force,
That ne'r yet waged warres, that's yet to learne
To giue the charge: Yea let that Princocke come,
With sodayne Souldyers pampered vp in peace,
And gowned troupes, and wantons worne with ease:
With sluggish Saxons crewe, and Irish kernes,
And Scottish aide, and false redshanked Picts,
Whose slaughters yet must teach their former foyle.
They shall perceaue with sorrow e'r they part,
When all their toyles be tolde, that nothing workes
So great a waste and ruine in this age,
As doe my warres. O Morered blessed Sonne:
No doubt, these market mates so highly hier'd
Must be the stay of thy vsurped state.
And least my head inclining now to yeares,
Should ioy the rest, which yet it neuer reapt:
The Traytor Galla, traind in treacherous iarres,
Is chiefe in armes, to reaue me of my Realme.
What corner (ah) for all my warres shall shrowde
My bloodlesse age? what seate for due deserts?

What

What towne, or field for auncient Souldiers rest?
What house? What roffe? What walls for wearied limbs?
Stretch out againe, stretch out your conquering hands,
Still must we vse the force so often vsde.
To those, that will pursue a wrong with wreke,
He giueth all, that once denies the right.
Thou soile which erst Diana did ordaine
The certaine seate and bowre of wandring Brute:
Thou Realme which ay I reuerence as my Saint,
Thou stately Brytaine th'auncient tipe of Troy,
Beare with my forced wrongs: I am not he,
That willing would impeach thy peace with warres.
Lo here both farre and wide I Conqueror stand,
Arthur each where thine owne, thy Liedge, thy King.
Condemne not mine attempts: he, onely he
Is sole in fault, that makes me thus thy foe.
Here I renounce all leagues and treats of truce,
Thou Fortune henceforth art my garde and guide.
Hence peace, on warres, runne Fates, let Mars be iudge,
I erst did trust to right, but now to rage.
Goe: tell the boy that Arthur feares no brags,
In vaine he seekes to blame it with his Sire.
I come (Mordred) I come, but to thy paine.
Yea, tell the boy his angry father comes,
To teach a Nouist both to die, and dare. Herault Exit.

HOWE. If we without offence (O greatest guide
Of Brytish name) may poure our iust complaints:
Me most mislike that your too milde a mode
Hath thus withheld our hands and swords from strokes.
For what? were we behind in any helpe?
Or without cause did you misdoubt our force,
Or truth so often tried with good successe?
Goe to: Conduct your army to the fielde,
Place man to man, oppose vs to our foes:
As much we neede to worke, as wish your weale.

CADO. Seemes it so sowre to winne by ciuill warres?
Were it to goare with Pike my fathers breast,
Were it to riue and cleaue my brothers head,
Were it to teare peecemeale my dearest childe,
I would inforce my grudging handes to helpe.
I cannot terme that place my native soyle,
Whereto your trumpets send their warrlike sounds.
If case requir'd to batter downe the Townes
Of any Towne, that Arthur would destroy:
Yea, were't of Brytaines selfe, which most I rede:
Her bulwarkes, fortresse, rampiers, walles and fence,
These armes should reare the Rams to runne them downe.
Wherefore ye Princes, and the rest my mates,
If what I haue auerd in all your names,
Be likewise such as stands to your content,
Let all your Yeas auow my promise true.

SOVL. Yea, yea, &c.
ASCH. Wherein renowmed King my ſelfe, or mine,
My life, my Kingdome, and all Denmarke powre
May ſerue your turne, account them all your owne.
KING And whatſoe'r my force or Norwaie aide
Norway. May helpe in your attempts, I vow it here.
GAWI. As heretofore I alwayes ſerude your heaſt,
So let this daie be iudge of Gawins truſt.
Either my brother Mordred dies the death
By mine aſſault, or I at leaſt by his.
ARTH. Since thus (my faithfull mates) with vowes alike,
And equall loue to Arthurs cauſe you ioyne
In common care, to wreake my priuate wrongs:
Lift vp your Enſignes efts, ſtretch out your ſtrengths,
Purſue your Fates, performe your hopes to Mars,
Loe here the laſt and outmoſt worke for blades.
This is the time that all our valour craues.
This time by due deſert reſtores againe
Our goods, our lands, our liues, our weale and all.
This time declares by Fates whoſe cauſe is beſt,
This, this condemnes the vanquiſht ſide of guilt.
Wherefore if for my ſake you ſcorne your ſelues,
And ſpare no ſword nor fire in my defence:
Then whiles my cenſure iuſtifies your cauſe,
Fight, fight amaine: and cleare your blades from crime,
The Iudge once changde, no warres are free from guilt.
The better cauſe giues vs the greater hope
Of proſperous warres, wherein if once I hap
To ſpie the wonted ſignes, that neuer failde
Their guide, your threatning lookes, your firie eies,
And buſtling bodies preſt to preſent ſpoile:
The field is wonne. Euen then me thinkes I ſee
The wonted wracks, and ſcattered heads of foes,
The Iriſh carcas kickt, and Pictes oppreſt,
And Saxons ſlatne, to ſwim in ſtreames of bloud,
I quake with hope. I can aſſure you all,
We neuer had a greater match in hand.
March on: delaie no Fates whiles Fortune fawnes,
The greateſt praiſe of warres conſiſts in ſpeed.
Exeunt Regis et Cohors.

The fourth ſcene.

Cador, Arthur.

CADO. SInce thus (victorious King) your Peeres, allies,
Your Lords, and all your powres be ready preſt,
For good, for bad, for whatſoe'r ſhall hap,
To ſpend both limme and life in your defence:
Caſt of all doubts, and reſt your ſelfe on Mars:

A hopeleſſe feare forbids a happy Fate.

ARTH. In ſooth (good Cador) ſo our Fortune fares,
As needes we muſt returne to wonted force.
To warres we muſt: but ſuch vnhappy warres,
As yeeld no hope for right or wrong to ſcape.
My ſelfe foreſees the Fate, it cannot fall
Without our deareſt blood: much may the minde
Of penſiue Sire preſage, whoſe Sonne ſo ſinnes.
All truth, all truſt, all blood, all bands be broke,
The ſeedes are ſowne that ſpring to future ſpoyle,
My Sonne, my Nephew, yea each ſide my ſelfe,
Nerer then all (woe's me) two nere, my foe.
Well: t'is my plague for life ſo lewdly ledde,
The price of guilt is ſtill a heauier guilt.
For were it light, that eu'n by birth my ſelfe
Was bad, I made my ſiſter bad: nay were
That alſo light, I haue begot as bad.
Yea worſe, an heire aſſignde to all our ſinnes.
Such was his birth: what baſe, what vulgar vice
Could once be lookt for of ſo noble blood?
The deeper guilt deſcends, the more it rootes:
The younger imps affect the huger crimes. Exeunt.

CHORVS.

1 When many men aſſent to ciuill warres,
And yeelde a ſuffradge to inforce the Fates:
No man bethinkes him of his owne mishappe,
But turnes that lucke vnto an other's ſhare.
Whereas if feare did firſt forewarne ech foyle,
Such loue to fight would breed no Brytains bane.
And better were ſtill to preſerue our peace,
Then thus to vent for peace through waging warres.
What follie to forgoe ſuch certayne happes,
And in their ſteede to feede vncertayne hopes?
Such hopes as oft haue puſt vp many a Realme,
Till croſſe ſucceſſe hath preſt it downe as deepe:
Whiles blind affection fetcht from priuate cauſe
Wilguiding wit hath maſkt in wiſedom's vaile,
Pretending what in purpoſe it abhorr'd.

2 Peace hath three foes incamped in our breaſts,
Ambition, Wrath, and Enuie: which ſubdude,
We ſhould not faile to finde eternall peace.
T'is in our powre to ioy it all at will,
And fewe there be, but if they will, they may:
But yet euen thoſe, who like the name of peace,
Through fond deſire repine at peace it ſelfe.
Betweene the hope whereof, and it it ſelfe,
A thouſand things may fall: that further warres.
The very ſpeech ſometimes and treats of truce,
Is ſlaſht and cut a ſunder with the ſword.

Worldly the name of peace doth edge our mindes,
And sharpeneth on our furie till we fight:
So that the mention made of loue and rest
Is oft a whetstone to our hate and rage.

3 Lo here the end, that Kingly pompe imparts,
The quiet rest, that Princely pallace plights.
Care vpon care, and euery day a newe
Fresh ryfing tempest tires the tossed mindes.
Who striues to stand in pompe of Princely port,
On guiddy top and culme of slippery Court,
Findes oft a heauy Fate, whiles too much knowne
To all, he falles vnknowne vnto himselfe.
Let who so else that list, affect the name,
But let me seeme a Potentate to none:
My slender barke shall creepe amenst the shoare,
And shunne the windes, that sweepe the walt'ring waues.
Prowde Fortune ouerhippes the safest Roades,
And seekes amidst the surging Seas those Keeles,
Whose lofty tops and tacklings touch the Cloudes.

4 O base, yet happy Bowes! O gifts of Gods
Scant yet perceau'd: when poudred Ermine roabes
With secrete sighes mistrusting their extreames,
In batefull breast forecast their foultring Fates,
And stirre, and strine, and stoome, and all in vaine:
Behold, the Peasant poore with tattered coate,
Whose eyes a meaner Fortune feedes with sleepe,
How safe and sound the care lesse Snudge doth snore.
Low roofted lurkes the house of slender hap,
Costlesse, not gay without, scant cleane within:
Yet safe: and oftner shroudes the hoary haires,
Then haughty Turrets reard with curious art,
To harbour heads that wield the golden Crest.
With endlesse carke in glorious Courts and Townes,
The troubled hopes and trembling feares doe dwell.

The Argument of the fourth Act.

1 IN the first Scene **Gildas** and **Conan** conferre of the state of **Brytaine.**
2 In the Second Scene **Nuntius** maketh report of the whole battaile, with the death of **Mordred** and **Arthurs** and **Cadors** deadly wound.
3 In the third Scene **Gildas** and **Conan** lament the infortunate state of the Countrie.

¶ The Argument and manner of the fourth dumbe shewe.

DVring the Musicke appointed after the third act, there came a Lady Cou
ly attyred with a counterfaite Childe in her armes, who walked softly
the Stage. From an other place there came a King Crowned, who likew
walked on an other part of the Stage. From a third place there came foure Soul
ers all armed, who spying this Lady and King, vpon a sodaine pursued the La
from whom they violently tooke her Childe and flung it against the walles; Sh
in mournefull sort wringing her hands passed her way. Then in like manner th
sette on the King, tearing his Crowne from his head, and casting it in peeeces
der feete draue him by force away; And so passed themselues ouer the Stage.
this was meant the fruit of Warre, which spareth neither man woman nor chil
with the ende of *Mordreds* vsurped Crowne.

THE FOVRTH ACT and first scene.

Gildas, Conan.

GILD. LORD Conan, though I know how hard a thing
It is, for mindes trainde vp in Princely Thrones,
To heare of ought against their humor's course:
Yet: sithence who forbiddeth not offence,
If well he may, is cause of such offence:
I could haue wisht (and blame me not my Lord)
Your place and countnance both with Sonne and Sire,
Had more prenailde on either side, then thus
T'haue left a Crowne in danger for a Crowne
Through ciuill warres, our Countries wonted woe.
Whereby the Kingdom's woumd still festring deepe,
Sucks vp the mischefe's humor to the hart.
The staggering state of Brytaines troubled braines,
Headsicke, and sore incumbred in her Crowne,
With guiddy steps runnes on a headlong race.
Whereto this tempest tend's, or where this stourme
Will breake, who knowes? But Gods auert the worst.

CONA. Now surely (Gildas) as my duety stood,
Indifferent for the best to Sonne and Sire:
So (I protest) since these occasions grewe,
That in the depth of my desire to please,
I more esteemde what honest faith requir'd
In matters meete for their estates and place:
Than how to feede each fond affection prone
To bad effects, whence their disgrace mought growe.
And as for Mordreds desperate and disloyall plots,

They had beene none, or fewer at the least,
Had I preuail'd: which Arthur knowes right well.
But eu'n as Counters goe sometimes for one,
Sometimes for thousands more, sometimes for none:
So men in greatest countnance with their King,
Can worke by fit perswasion sometimes much:
But sometimes lesse: and sometimes nought at all.

GILD. Well: wee that haue not spent our time in warres,
But bent our course at peace, and Countries weale,
May rather now expect what strange euent,
And Chaunce in sues of these so rare attempts:
Then enter to discourse vpon their cause,
And erre as wide in wordes, as they in deedes.

GONA. And Lo: to satisfie your wish therein,
Where comes a Souldier sweating from the Camps.

The second scene.

Nuncius.

NVNC. THO Eccho shrill that haunteſt the hollow hilles,
Leaue off that wont to snatch the latter word:
Howle on a whole discourse of our distresse,
Clippe of no clause: sound out a perfect sense.

GILD. What fresh mishap (alas) what newe annoy,
Remoues our pensiue mindes from wonted woes,
And yet requires a newe lamenting mood?
Declare: we ioy to handle all our harmes:
Our many griefes haue taught vs still to mourne.

NVNC. But (ah) my tong denies my speech his aide:
Great sorce doth driue it forth: a greater keepes
It in. I rue surpriude with wonteſte woes.

CONA. Speake on, what griefe so e'r our Fates afford.

NVNC. Small griefes can speake: the great astonisht stand.

GILD. What greater sinnes could hap, then what be past?
What mischiefes could be meant, more then were wrought?

NVNC. And thinke you these to be an end to sinnes?
No. Crime proceedes: those made but one degree.
What mischiefes earſt were done, terme sacred deedes:
Call nothing sinne, but what hath since insu'd.
A greater griefe requires your teares: Behold
These fresh annoyes: your last mishaps be stale.

CONA. Tell on (my friend) suspend our mindes no more:
Hath Arthur lost? hath Mordred wonne the field?

NVNC. O: nothing lesse. Would Gods it were but so.
Arthur hath wonne: but we haue lost the field.
The field? May all the Realme, and Brytaines bounds.

GILD. How so? If Arthur wonne, what could we loose?
You speake in cloudes, and cast perplexed wordes.
Vnfolde at large: and sort out sorrowes out.

Then

NVNC. Then lift a while: this inſtant ſhall vnwrappe
Thoſe acts, thoſe warres, thoſe hard euents, that all
The future age ſhall eu'r haue cauſe to curſe.
Now that the time drewe on, when both the Campes
Should meet in Cornwell fieldes th'appointed place:
The reckeleſſe troupes, whom Fates forbad to liue
Till noone, or night, did ſtoome and raue for warres.
They ſwarmde about their Guydes, and cluſtring cald
For ſignes to fight, and fierce with wrothes fell,
They onwards hayld the haſtning howres of death.
A direfull frenzie roſe: ech man his owne,
And publike Fates all heedleſſe headlong flung.
On Mordreds ſide were ſixtie thouſande men,
Some borowed powres, ſome Brytans bred at home.
The Saxons, Iriſh, Normans, Pictes, and Scottes
Were firſt in place, the Brytanes followed laſt.
On Arthurs ſide there were as manie more.
Iſlandians, Gothes, Norwegians, Albanes, Danes,
Were forraine aides, which Arthur brought from Fraunce,
A truſtie troupe, and tryed at many a trench.
That nowe the day was come, wherein our State
For aye ſhould fall, whenceforth men might inquire
What Brytaine was: theſe warres thus neere bewaide.
Nor could the Heauens no longer hide theſe harmes,
But by prodigious ſignes portende our plagues.
For lo: er both the Campes encountering coapt,
The Skies and Poles oppoſed themſelues with ſtormes.
Both Eaſt, and Weſt with tempeſtes darke were dim'd,
And ſhowres of hayle, and Rayne outragious pow'd.
The Heauens were rent, ech ſide the lightnings flaſht,
And Clowdes with hideous clappes did thundering roare.
The armies all agaſt did ſenſeleſſe ſtand,
Miſtruſting much, both Force, and Foes, and Fates.
T'was harde to ſay, which of the two appal'd
Them moſt, the monſtrous ayre, or too much feare.
When Arthur ſpide his Souldiers thus amaz'd,
And hope extinct, and deadly dreade drawne on:
My mates (quoth he) the Gods doe ſhowre the ſkies,
To ſee whoſe cauſe and courage craues their care.
The Fates contende to worke ſome ſtraunge euent:
And Fortune ſeeks by ſtormes in Heauens and Earth,
What pagions ſhe may play for my behooſe.
Of whom ſhe knowes, ſhe then deſerues not well,
When lingring ought, ſhe comes not at the firſt.
Thus ſaide: reioycing at his dauntleſſe minde,
They all reuiude, and former feare recoylde.
By that the light of Titan's troubled beames
Had pearceing ſcattered downe the drowping fogges,
And greeted both the Campes with mutuall viewe:
Their choller ſwelles, whiles fell diſpoſed mindes
Bounce in their breaſtes, and ſtirre vncertayne ſtormes.

Then palenes wanne and sterne with cheareleſſe chaunge,
Poſſeſſing bleake their lippes and bloodleſſe cheekes,
With troublous trembling ſhewes their death is nere.
When Mordred ſawe the danger thus approacht,
And boyſtrous thongs of Warriers threatning blood:
His inſtant ruines gaue a nodde at Fates,
And minde though prone to Mars, yet daunted paulde.
The hart which promiſt earſt a ſure ſucceſſe,
Now throbs in doubts: nor can his owne attempts,
Afforde him feare, nor Arthurs yeelde him hope.
This paſſion laſts not long, he ſoone recalls
His auncient guiſe, and wonted rage returnes.
He loathes delayes, and ſcorcht with Scepters luſt,
The time and place, wherein he oft had wiſht
To hazarde all vpon extreameſt Chaunce,
He offred ſpies, and ſpide purſues with ſpeede.
Then both the Armies mette with equall might,
This ſtird with wrath, that with deſire to rule:
And equall proweſſe was a ſpurre to both.
The Iriſh King whirlde out a poyſned Dart,
That lighting pearced deepe in Howels braines,
A peereleſſe Prince and nere of Arthurs bloud.
Hereat the Aire with vprore lowde reſoundes,
Which ecks on mountains rough rebounding reares.
The Trumpets hoarce their trembling tunes doe teare:
And thundring Drummes their dreadfull Larums ring.
The Standards broad are blowne, and Enſignes ſpread,
And euery Nation bends his wonted warres.
Some nere their foes, ſome further off doe wound,
With dart, or ſword, or ſhaft, or pike, or ſpeare,
The weapons hide the Heauens: a night compoſde
Of warrelike Engines ouerſhades the field.
From euery ſide theſe fatall ſignes are ſent:
And boyſtrous bangs with thumping thwacks fall thicke.
Had both theſe Camps beene of vſurping Kings,
Had euery man thereof a Mordred beene,
No fiercelier had they fought for all their Crowmes.
The murthers meaneleſſe wart, no art in fight,
Nor way to ward nor trie each others ſkill,
But thence the blade, and hence the bloud enſues.
CONA. But what? Did Mordreds eyes indure this ſight?
NVNC. They did. And he himſelfe the ſpurre of fiends
And Gorgons all, leaſt any part of his
Scapt free from guilt, enflamde their mindes to wrath.
And, with a valure more, then Hectue yeelds,
He cheerde them all, and at their backe with long
Outreached ſpeare, ſtirde vp each lingring hand.
All furie like frounſt vp with frantick frets.
He bids them leaue and ſhunne the meaner ſort,
He ſhewes the Kings, and Brytaines nobleſt peeres.
GILD. He was not now to ſeeke what bloud to drawe:

He

He knewe what iuice refresht his fainting Crowne.
Too much of Arthurs hart. O had he wist
How great a vice such vertue was as then.
In Ciuill warres, in rooting vp his Realme?
O frantike fury, farre from Natures praise.

NVNC. There fell Aschillus stout of Denmarke King,
There valiant Gawin Arthurs Nephew deare,
And late by Augels death made Albane King,
By Mordreds hand hath lost both life and Crowne.
There Gilla wounded Cador Cornish Duke,
In hope to winne the Dukedome for his meede.
The Norway King, the Saxons Duke, and Picts,
In wofull sort fell groueling to the ground.
There Prince and Peasant both lay hurlde on heapes:
Mars frownde on Arthurs mates; the Fates wart fierce,
And iointly ranne their race with Mordreds rage.

CONA. But with what ioy (alas) shall he returne,

NVNC. That thus returnes, the happier for this fielde?
These odds indure not long, for Mars retires,
And Fortune pleasde with Arthurs moderate feare,
Returnes more full, and friendlyer then her woont.
For when he saw the powers of Fates oppos'de,
And that the dreadfull houre thus hastened on:
Perplexed much in minde, at length resolues,
That feare is couered best by daring most.
Then forth he pitcht: the Saxon Duke withstoode,
Whom with one stroke he headlesse sent to Hell.
Not farre from thence he spide the Irish King,
Whose life he tooke as price of broken truce.
Then Cador forward prest, and haplie mette
The Traytor Gilla, worker of these warres,
Of whom by death he tooke his due reuenge.
The remnant then of both the Camps concurre,
They Brytaines all, or most: few Forreines left.
These wage the warres, and hence the deaths insue.
Nor t'one, nor t'other side, that can destroy
His foes so fast, as tis it selfe destroyed.
The brethren broach their bloud: the Sire his Sonnes,
The Sonne againe would proue by too much Wrath,
That he, whom thus he slew, was not his Sire.
No blood nor kinne can swage their irefull modes.
No forreine foe they seeke, nor care to finde:
The Brytaines bloud is sought on euery side.
A vaine discourse it were to paint at large
The seuerall Fates, and foiles of either side.
To tell what grones and sighes the parting Ghosts
Sent forth: who dying bare the kellest breast:
Who chaunged cheare at any Brytaines fall:
Who ofmest stroke: who best beslowde his blade:
Who ventred most: who strode: who fell: who failde:
Th'effect declares it all: thus far'd the field.

Of both theſe hoaſts ſo huge and mayne at firſt,
There were not left on either ſide a ſcore,
For Sonne, and Sire to winne, and looſe the Realme.
The which when Mordred ſaw, and that his Sire
Gainſt foes, and Fates themſelues would winne the field,
He ſigh'd, and twixt deſpaire and rage he cryed,
Here (Arthur) here, and hence the Conqueſt comes:
While Mordred liues, the Crowne is yet vnwonne.
Hereat the prince of proweſſe much amaz'd,
With thrilling teares, and countenance caſt on ground,
Did groaning fetch a deepe and earneſtfull ſigh.
Anone they fierce encountering both concur'd,
With grieſly lookes, and faces like their Fates:
But diſpar mindes, and inward moodes vnlike.
The Sire with minde to ſafegard both, or t'one
The Sonne to ſpoile the t'one, or hazard both.
No feare, nor feilnes failde on either ſide:
The wager lay on both their liues and bloods.
At length when Mordred ſpyde his force to faint,
And felt him ſelfe oppreſt with Arthurs ſtrength,
(O hapleſſe lad, a match vnmeete for him)
He loathes to liue in that afflicted ſtate,
And valiant with a forced Vertue, longs
To die the death: in which perplexed minde,
With grenning teeth, and crabbed lookes he cryes,
I cannot winne: yet will I not be wonne.
What ſhould we ſhun our Fates, or play with Mars,
Or thus defraude the warres of both our bloods?
Whereto doe we reſerue our ſelues? Or why
Be we not fought ere this, amongeſt the dead?
So many thouſands murthred in our cauſe,
Muſt we ſuruiue, and neither winne nor looſe?
The Fates that will not ſmile on either ſide,
May frowne on both: So ſaying forth he flings,
And deſperate runs on point of Arthurs Sword,
(A Sword (alas) prepar'd for no ſuch vſe)
Whereon engoarde he glides, till nere approche,
With dying hand he hewes his fathers head.
So through his owne annoy, he noyes his Liedge,
And gaines by death acceſſe to daunt his Sire.
There Mordred fell, but like a Prince he fell.
And as a braunch of great Pendragons grafte
His life breaths out, his eyes forſake the Sunne,
And fatall Cloudes inferre a laſting Clips.
There Arthur ſtaggering ſcant ſuſtaind him ſelfe,
There Cador found a deepe and deadly wound,
There ceaſt the warres, and there was Brytaine loſt.
There lay the choſen youths of Mars, there lay
The peereleſſe Knights, Bellonas braueſt traine.
There lay the Mirrours rare of Martiall praiſe,
There lay the hope and braunch of Brute ſupprelt.

There

There Fortune laid the prime of Brytaines pride,
There laide her pompe, all topsie turuie turnde. Exit.

The third scene.

Gildas, Conan.

GILD. COme cruell griefes, spare not to stretch our strengths,
Whiles bailefull breastes inuite our thumping fists.
Let euery signe, that mournefull passions worke,
Expresse what piteous plightes our mindes amaze.
This day supplants what no day can supply,
These handes haue wrought those wastes, that neuer age,
Nor all the broode of Brute shall e'r repaire.
That future men may ioy the surer rest,
These warres preuent their birth, and nip their spring.
What Nations earst the former age subdude
With hourelie toyles to Brytaines yoke, this day
Hath set at large, and backwardes turnde the Fates.
Hencefoorth the Kernes may safely tread their bogges:
The Scots may now their inrodes olde renewe,
The Saxons well may vow their former claimes,
And Danes without their danger driue vs out.
These warres found not the'ffect of woonted warres,
Nor doth their waight the like impression woorke:
There seuerall Fates annoyde but seuerall men,
Heere all the Realme and people finde one Fate.
What there did reache but to a Souldiers death,
Containes the death of all a Nation here.
These blades haue giuen this Isle a greater wounde,
Then tyme can heale. The fruite of ciuill warres:
A Kingdom's hand hath goard a Kingdom's heart,
CONA. When Fame shall blaze these acts in latter yeares,
And time to come so many ages hence
Shall efts report our toyles and Brytish paynes:
Or when perhaps our Childrens Children reade,
Our woefull warres displaid with skilfull penne:
They'l thinke they heere some sounds of future facts,
And not the ruines olde of pompe long past.
Twill moque their mindes to ruth, and frame a fresh
New hopes, and feares, and vowes, and many a wish,
And Arthurs cause shall still be fauour'd most.
He was the ioy, and hope, and hap of all,
The Realmes defence, the sole delay of Fates,
He was our wall and forte, twice thirteene yeares
His shoulders did the Brytaine state support.
Whiles yet he raign'd, no forren foes preuailde,
Nor once could hope to binde the Brytaine boundes:
But still both farre and nere were forc'd to flie,

They thrall to vs, we to our selues were free.
But now, and hencefoorth aye, adue that hope,
Adue that pompe, that freedome, rule and all:
Let Saxons now, let Normans, Danes, and Scottes,
Enioye our medowes, fieldes, and pleasant plaines:
Come, let vs flye to Mountaines, Cliffes and Rockes,
A Nation hurt, and ne'r in case to heale.
Hencefoorth the waight of Fates thus falne aside,
We rest secure from feare of greater foile:
Our leasure serues to thinke on former times,
And know what earst we were, who now are thus. Exeunt.

CHORVS.

1 O Brytaines prosperous state wert heauenlye powers
But halfe so willing to preserue thy peace,
As they are prone to plague thee for thy warres.
But thus (O Gods) yea, thus it likes you still.
When you decree to turne, and touse the worlde,
To make our errors cause of your decrees.
We fretting fume, and burning wax right wood,
We crye for swordes, and harmefull harnesse craue,
We rashly raue, whiles from our present rage,
You frame a cause of long foredeemed doome.
2 When Brytaine so desir'd her owne decaie,
That eu'n her natiue broode would roote her vp:
Seamde it so huge a wounde, (O heauens) for you
To tumble downe, and quite subuert her state,
Unlesse so many Nations came in aide:
What thirst of spoile (O Fates?) In ciuil warres
Were you afraide to faint for want of blood:
But yet, O wretched state in Brytaines fond,
What needed they to stoope to Mordreds yoke,
Or feare the man themselues so fearefull made:
Had they, but lynckt like friendes in Arthurs handes,
And ioynde their force against the forren foes:
These warres and ciuill sinnes had soone surceast,
And Mordred reft of rule had feard his Sire.
3 Would Gods these warres had drawne no other blood,
Then such as sproong from breasts of forreine foes:
So that the fountaine, fedde with chaungelesse course,
Had found no neerer vents for dearer iuyce.
Or ik the Fates so thirst for Brytish blood,
And long so deepely for our last decaie:
O that the rest were sparde and safe reseru'd,
Both Saxons, Danes, and Normans most of all.
Heereof when ciuill warres haue worne vs out,
Must Brytaine stand, a borrowed blood for Brute.
4 When prosperous haps, and long continuing blisse,
Haue past the ripenesse of their budding grouth,
They fall and foulter like the mellow fruite,

Sur-

Surcharg'd with burden of their owne excesse.
So Fortune wearyed with our often warres,
Is forc'd to faint, and leaue vs to our fates.
If men haue mindes presaging ought their harmes,
If euer heauie heart foreweene her woe:
What Britaine liues, so far remou'd from home,
In any Ayre, or Pole, or Coast abroader
But that euen now through Natures sole instinct,
He feeles the fatall sword imbrue his breast,
Wherewith his native soyle for aye is staine?
What hopes, and happes lye wasted in these warres?
Who knowes the soyles he suffered in these fieldes?

The argument of the fift Act.

1 IN the first scene **Arthur** and **Cador** returned deadlie wounded and bewaild the misfortune of themselues and their Countrie; and are likewise bewailed of the **Chorus.**

2 In the seconde scene the Ghoast of **Gorlois** returneth reioycing at his reuendge, and wishing euer after a happier **Fate** vnto **Brytaine**, which done, he descendeth where he first rose.

¶ *The Argument and manner of the* fift and last dumbe shewe.

SOunding the Musicke, foure gentlemen all in blacke halfe armed, halfe vnarmed with blacke skarfes ouerthwart their shoulders should come vppon the stage. The first bearing aloft in the one hand on the trunchion of a speare an Helmet, an arming sworde, a Gauntlet, &c. representing the Trophea: in the other hand a Target depicted with a mans hart sore wounded & the blood gushing out, crowned with a Crowne imperiall and a Lawrell garland, thus written in the toppe. *En totum quod superest*, signifying the King of *Norway* which spent himselfe and all his power for *Arthur*, and of whom there was left nothing but his heart to inioy the conquest that insued. The seconde bearing in the one hand a siluer vessell full of golde, pearles, and other iewels representing the *Spolia*; in the other hande a Target with an Olephant and Dragon thereon fiercely combacting, the Dragon vnder the Olephant and sucking by his extreme heate the blood from him is crushed in peeces with the fall of the Olephant, so as both die at last, this written aboue, *Victor, an Victus?* representing the King of *Denmarke*, who fell through *Mordreds* wound, hauing first with his souldiers destroyed the most of *Mordreds* armie. The third bearing in the one hand a *Pyramis* with a Lawrell wreath about it representing victorie. In the other hand a Target with this deuise: a man sleeping, a snake drawing neere to sting him, a Leazard preuenting the Snake by sight, the Leazard being deadlie wounded awaketh the man, who seeing the Leazard dying, pursues the Snake, and kils it, this written aboue, *Tibi morimur*. Signifying *Gawin* King of *Albanye* slaine in *Arthurs* defence by *Mordred*, whom *Arthur* afterwardes slewe. The fourth bearing in the one hande a broken piller, at the toppe thereof the Crowne and Scepter of the vanquisht King, both broken asunder, representing the conquest ouer vsurpation: in the other hand a Target with two Cockes painted thereon, the one lying dead, the o-

ther with his winges broken, his eyes pecked out, and the blood̃e euerye where gushing foorth to the grounde, he standing vppon the dead Cocke and crowing ouer him, with this emblem̃e in the toppe, *Quo vici, perdidi*, signifying *Cador* deadly wounded by *Gillo* whom he slewe. After these followed a King languishing in complet Harnesse blacke, bruised & battered vnto him, besprinkled with blood. On his head a Lawrell garland, leaning on the shoulders of two Heraults in mourning gownes & hoods, th'on in *Mars* his coate of arms, the other in *Arthurs*, presenting *Arthur* victoriously but yet deadly wounded. there followed a page with a Target whereon was portraited a Pellican pecking her blood out of her brest to feede her young ones, through which wound she dieth, this writen in the toppe, *Quafoui, perit*, signifying *Arthurs* too much indulgenie of *Mordred*, the cause of his death. All this represented the dismayed and vnfortunate victorie of *Arthur*, which is the matter of the Act insuing.

THE FIFT ACT and first Scene.

Arthur. Cador. Chorus.

ARTH. COme Cador, as our frendship was most firme
Throughout our age, so now let's linke as fast.
Thus did we liue in warres, thus let vs dye
In peace, and arme in arme partake our Fates.
Our woundes, our greefe, our wish, our hap alike,
Our end so neere, all crane eche others helpe.

CADO. O King, beholde the fruite of all our Fame:
Lo here our Pompe consumed with our selues,
What all our age with all our warres had wonne,
Loe here one day hath lost it all at once.
Well: so it likes the heauens: thus Fortune gibes:
She hoyseth vp to hurle the deeper downe.

CHOR. O sacred Prince: what sight is this we see?
Why haue the Fates reserv'd vs to these woes
Our onely hope: the stay of all our Realme:
The piller of our state: thus foyle oppress?
O would the Gods had fauour'd vs so much:
That, as we liu'd partakers of your paines,
And likewise toyde the fruit of your exploytes:
So hauing thus bereft our Soueraignes blisse,
They had with more indifferent doome conioynd
The Subiects both, and Soueraignes bane in one.
Yt now (alas) ingendereth double greefe,
To rue your want, and to bewaile our woes.

ARTH. Rue not my Brytaines what my rage hath wrought,
But blame your King, that thus hath rent your Realms.
My meanelesse moodes haue made the Fates thus fell,
And too much anger wrought in me too much.
For had impatient ire mou'de abuse,

And

And yeelded where resistance threatned spoyle:
I mought haue liu'd in forreine coastes vnfoilde,
And six score thousand men had bene vnmoande.
But wrong incensing wrath to take reuenge
Preferred Chaunce before a better choyse.

CHOR. T'was Mordreds wrong and to vniust desertes
That iustly moude your Highnesse to such wrath:
2 Your claime requir'd no lesse then those attempts:
Your cause right good was prais'd, and praide for most.

ARTH. I claimd my Crowne, the cause of claime was good,
The meanes to clame it in such sorte was bad.
Yea: rather then my Realme and natiue soile
Should wounded fall, thus brused with these warres:
I should haue left both Realme, and right, and all:
Or dur'd the death ordaind by Mordreds oath.

CADO. And yet so farre as Mars coulde bide a meane,
You hatelesse sought the safegard of them all.
Whereto the better cause, or badder Chaunce
Did drawe, you still inclinde: preferring oft
The weaker side, sometimes for loue, sometimes
For right, (as Fortune swaide) your Sonne, your selfe.
So pittie spar'd, what reason sought to spoyle:
Till all at length, with equall spoyle was spent.

CHOR. Would Gods your minde had felt no such remorse,
3 And that your foes had no such fauour founde.
So mought your friends haue had far frendlier Fates,
If Rebels for their due deserts had dyde.
The wickeds death is safety to the iust.
To spare the Traitors, was to spoile the true.
Of force he hurtes the good, that helpes the bad.
In that you sought your Countries gaine, t'was well:
In that you shunned not her losse, t'was hard.
Good is the frend, that seekes to do vs good:
A mighty frend, that doth preuent our harmes.

ARTH. Well: so it was: it cannot be redrest:
The greater is my greefe, that sees it so.
My lyfe (I feele) doth fade, and sorrowes flowe,
The rather that my name is thus extinct.
In this respect, so Mordred did succeede,
O, that my selfe had falne, and Mordred liu'd:
That hauing conquer'd all my foes but him,
I mought haue left you him, that conquer'd me.
O heauie wretched lott e: to be the last
That falles, to viewe the buriall of my Realme.
Where each man else hath fealt his seuerall Fate,
I onely pine opprest with all their Fates.

CHOR. Although your Highnesse do susteine such greefe,
As needes enforceth all your Realme to rue:
4 Yet since such ruth affordeth no releefe,
Let due discretion swage each curelesse sore,

And beare the harmes, that run without reuelle.
The losse is ours, that looke so rare a Prince,
You onely win, that see your foe here foilde.

ARTH. A cautelesse foe. When warres did call me hence
He was in yeares but young, in wit too olde.
As vertue shineth most in comlyest wightes,
When inward gifts are deckt with outward grace:
So did his witte and feature foede that hope,
Which falsely trainde me to this wofull hap.
His minde transformed thus, I cannot chuse
But long to see what change his face sustaines.
My blood and kinred doubled in his birth,
Inspires a mirt, and twice descending loue,
Which driues my dying paines to wish his view.
Unhealme his luckelesse head, set bare his face:
That face which earst pleas'd me and mine to much.
See (worthest King) the hope of all your Realme,

CHOR. Had not his lust to rule preuented all.

I I see (alas) I see (hide, hide againe:

ARTH. O spare mine eyes) a witnesse of my crimes:
A fearefull vision of my former guilte:
A dreadfull horror of a future doome:
A present gaule of minde. O happie they,
Whose spotlesse liues attaine a dreadlesse death.
And thou, O hapless boye, O spight of Fates,
(What mought I terme thee, Nephew, Sonne, or both:)
Alas, how happie should we both haue bene,
If no ambitious thought had vext thy head.
Nor thou thus stru'de to reaue thy Fathers rule,
But staide thy tyme, and not forstalde vs both:

CADO. The hoat spurde youth that forste the forward steedes,
Whiles needes he would his Fathers Chariot guide,
Neglecting what his Sire had said in charge,
The fires, which first he flung about the poles,
Himselfe at last most woefull wretch inflamde.
So to much loue to houer in the Heauens
Made him to paie the price of rash attemptes.

ARTH. What ruth, (ah,) rent the wofull Fathers hart,
That sawe himselfe thus made a Sonneles Sire:
Well; since both Heauens and Hell conspir'd in one,
To make our endes a mirror to the worlde,
Both of incestious life, and wicked birth:
Would Gods the Fates that linckt our faultes alike,
Had also fram'de our minds of frendlier mouldes:
That, as our linage had approcht too neere,
So our affections had not swaru'd to farre.
Then mought I liu'd t'inlarge the Brytaines praise,
In rearing efts the first triumphant Troy
And after thou succeeding mine attempts,
Haue spent thy courage in a iuster caule.
But t'would not be: Ambition grew to greate:

The breathlesse body of Mordred in Armour as he fell is brought vpon the stadge.

Me

We could not ioyne our mindes: our Fates we ioynde:
And through thy blood, a way was made to mine.
CHOR. And muſt we needes (O worthieſt Peeres) forgoe,
2 By this vntimely Fate our greateſt hope?
That in your ripeſt yeares and likelyeſt time,
Your chiefeſt force ſhould on this ſodaine fall?
CHOR. Haue you throughout your youth made Brytaines pompe
3 A Soueraigne of ſo many Nations ſtout,
To th'end ere halfe your age vntimely death
Should leaue vs Subiect to our wonted foiles?
CHOR. See, ſee, our idle hopes, our brittle truſt,
4 Our vaine deſires, our ouer fickle ſtate.
Which, though a while they ſayle on quiet ſeas,
Yet ſinke in ſurge, ere they arriue to hode.
O wofull warres, O Mordreds curſed pride,
That thus hath wrought both King, and Kingdomes woe.
CADO. Let plaints and mournings paſſe, let moanes apart.
They made much of themſelues: Yea too too much
They lou'd to liue, that ſeeing all their Realme
Thus toſſie turuey turnd, would grudge to dye.
ARTH. Yea ſure: ſince thus (O Fates) your cenſure ſeemes,
That free from force of forreine foes, there reſts,
That Mordred reape the glory of our deaths:
Be't ſo: driue on your doome, worke your decree:
We feareleſſe bide what bane ſo e'r you bidde.
And though our ends thus haſtened through your beaſts,
Abruptly breake the courſe of great attempts:
Yet goe we not inglorious to the ground:
Set with a part: we haue perfourmd inough.
The Iriſh King and Nation wilde we tamde:
The Scots and Picts, and Orcade Iſles we wanne:
The Danes and Gothes and Friſeland men, with all
The Iſles inſerted nere thoſe Seas, And next
The Germaine King, and Saxons we ſubdude.
Not Fraunce, that could preuaile againſt our force,
Nor laſtly Rome, that rues her pride ſuppreſt.
Ech forreine power is parcell of our praiſe,
No titles want to make our foes affraide.
This onely now I craue (O Fortune erſt
My faithfull friend) let it be ſoone forgot,
Nor long in minde, nor mouth, where Arthur fell.
Yea: though I Conquerour die, and full of Fame:
Yet let my death and parture reſt obſcure.
No graue I needе (O Fates) nor burialll rights,
Nor ſtately hearce, nor tombe with haughty toppe:
But let my Carkaſſe lurke: yea, let my death
Be ay vnknowen, ſo that in euery Coaſt
I ſtill be feard, and lookt for euery houre.
Exeunt. Arthur & Cador.
CHOR. Lo here the end that Fortune ſends at laſt
1 To him, whom firſt ſhe heau'd to higheſt happe.

The flattering lacke wherewith he long was led.
The smiling Fates, that oft had fedde his Fame;
The many warres and Conquests, which he gaind,
Are dasht at once: one day inferres that foile,
Whereof so many yeares of yore were free.

CHOR. O willing world to magnifie man's state!
2 O most unwilling to maintaine the same.
Of all misfortunes and unhappy Fates,
Th'unhappiest seemes, to haue beene hapie once.
T'was Arthur sole, that neuer found his ioyes
Disturb'd with woe, nor woes relieu'd with ioye.
In prosperous state all heauenly powres aspir'd:
Now made a wretch, not one, that spares his spoile.

CHOR. Yea Fortunes selfe in this afflicted case,
3 Exacts a paine for long continued pompe.
She vrgeth now the blisse of wounted weale,
And beares him downe with waight of former Fame.
His prayses past be present shame: O tickle trust:
Whiles Fortune chops and chaungeth euery Chaunce,
What certaine blisse can we enioy a liue,
Unlesse, whiles yet our blisse endures, we die?

CHOR. Yea: since before his last and outmost gaspe,
None can be deemde a happy man or blest,
4 Who dares commit him selfe to prosperous Fates,
Whose death preparde attends not hard at hand?
That sithence death must once determine all,
His life may sooner flie, then Fortune flitte.

The second scene.

Gorlois.

GOR L. NOW Gorlois swage thy selfe. Pride hath his pay:
Murther his price: Adult'rie his desert:
Treason his meede: Disloyaltie his doome:
Wrong hath his wreake: and Guilt his guerdon beares.
Not one abuse erst offered by thy foes
But since most sternely punisht, is now purg'n.
Where thou didst fall, en'n on the selfe same soile
Pendragon, Arthur, Mordred, and their stocke,
Found all their foiles: not one hath scapte reuenge:
Their line from first to last quite razed out.
Now rest content, and worke no further plagues:
Let future age be free from Gorlois Ghost.
Let Brytaine henceforth bath in endlesse weale.
Let Virgo come from Heauen, the glorious Starre:
The Zodiac's ioy: the Planets chiefe delight:
The hope of all the yeare: the ease of Skies:
The Aires reliefe, the comfort of the Earth.
That vertuous Virgo borne for Brytaines blisse:

That pierleſſe braunch of Bruce: that ſtaffe remaining
Of Priam's ſtate: that hope of ſpringing Troy:
Which time to come, and many ages hence
Shall of all warres compound eternall peace.
Let her reduce the golden age againe,
Religion, eaſe, and wealth of former world.
Yea, let that Virgo come and Saturnes raigne,
And yeares ſeuen times tolde expirde in peace.
A Rule, that elſe no Realme ſhall euer finde,
A Rule moſt rare, vnheard, vnſeene, vnread,
The ſole example that the world affordes.
That (Brytaine) that Renowme, yea that is thine.
B'it ſo: my wrath is wrought. Ye furies blacke
And vgile ſhapes, that houle in holes beneathe
Thou Orcus darke, and deepe Auernas mooke,
With vnſhrith dennes out gnaſhing in gulfes helſhine,
Receaue your ghaſtly charge, Duke Gorlois Ghoaſt:
Make roome: I gladly thus reuenged returne.
And though your paine ſurpaſſe, I greete them thee:
Ye hates each other heauen, that hammers Hell.

Deſcendit.

EPILOGVS.

SEe heere by this the tickle fruit of tyme:
The falſe affiance of each mortall force,
The wauering waight of Fates: the fickell trace,
That Fortune trips: the many mockes of life:
The cheereleſſe change: the eaſeleſſe hunts and broyles,
That man abides: the reſtleſſe race he runnes.
But moſt of all, ſee heere the peereleſſe paines:
The lafting panges: the ſtintleſſe greefes: the teares:
The ſighes: the grones: the feares: the hopes: the hates:
The thoughes and cares, that kingly pompe imparies.
What follies then bewitch thambitious mindes,
That thirſt for Scepters pompe the well of woes?
Whereof (alas) ſhould mercheds man beware,
Whoſe firſt conception is but Sinne, whoſe birth
But paine, whoſe life but toyle, and needes muſt dye?
See heere the ſtate of great Pendragons howſe,
The to'ne quite dead, theto'ther hatening on,
As men, the Sonne but greene, the Sire but ripe:
Yet both foreſtalde ere halfe their race were run.
As Kinges, the mightieſt Monarches in this age,
Yet both ſurpaſt and vanquiſht by themſelues.
Such is the battle heard of mortall man,
Wilfulles humane Nature lurches her dayly wracke:
Such be the crazed erelts of glorious Troiones,
Faithleſs worldly powres like ſwiftan poſtes ſurpaſſe.
And yet for one that goes, an other comes,

Some borne, some dead: So still the store indures.
So that both Fates and common care prou'de
That men must needes be borne, and some must rule.
Therefore ye Peeres, and Lordings lift aloft,
And whose'r in Thrones that iudge your thralls:
Let not your Soueraingty heaue you to hye,
Nor their subiection presse them downe too lowe.
It is not pride, that can augment your power,
Nor lowlie lookes, that long can keepe them safe:
The Fates haue found a way, whereby ere long
The proude must leaue their hope, the meeke their feare.
Who ere receau'd such fauor from aboue,
That could assure one day vnto himselfe:
Him, whom the Morning found both stout and strong,
The Euening left all groueling on the ground.
This breath and heate wherewith mans life is fedde
Is but a flash, or flame, that shines a while,
And once extinct, is as it ne'r had bene.
Corruption hourely frets the bodies frame,
Youth tends to age, and age to death by kinde.
Short is the race, prefixed is the end,
Swift is the tyme, wherein mans life doth run.
But by his deedes t'extend renowme and fame,
That onely vertue workes, which neuer fades.

FINIS.

Thomas Hughes.

Sat cytò, si sat benè: vtcunq;
Quod non dat spes, dat optio.

¶ Heere after followe such speeches as were penned by others, and pronounced in stead of some of the former speeches penned by Thomas Hughes.

A ſpeach penned by VVilliam Falbecke gentleman, one of the ſocietie of Grayes-Inne, and pronounced in ſtead of Gorlois his firſt ſpeeche penned by Thomas Hughes, and ſet downe in the firſt Scene of the firſt Acte.

Alecto: thou that haſt excluded mee
From feeldes Elyſyan, where the guiltleſſe ſoules
Avoide the ſcourge of Radamanthus Ire:
Let it be lawfull, (ſith I am remou'd
From bleſſed Ilands, to this curſed ſhoare,
This loathed earth where Arthurs table ſtandes,
(with Furies foule of Harpies fierce diſteind,)
The fates and hidden ſecrets to diſcloſe
Of blacke Cocytus and of Acheron,
The floudes of death the lakes of burning ſoules.
(where hellish fragges doe prophecie revenge:
(where Tartars ſprights with carefull heede attende
The diſmall ſummons of Alectocs mouth.
My ſelfe by precept of Proſerpina,
Commaunded was in preſence to appeare,
Before the Synode of the damned ſprightes.
In fearefull moode I did performe their heſt,
And at my entrance in th'inchaunted ſhakes,
(which wrap themſelus about the furies neckes,
Did hiſſe for ioy: and from the dreadfull benthe
The ſupreme furie thus aſſignde her charge.
Gorlois quoth ſhe thou thither muſt aſcend.
(whence through the rancour of malicious foes
(wearyed with woundes thou didſt deſcend to vs.
Make Brytaine now the marke of thy revenge
On ruthleſſe Brytaines and Pendragons race,
Diſburſe the treaſure of thy hellish plagues.
Let blood contend with blood, Father with Sonne,
Subiect with Prince, and let confuſion raigne.
Soe therewithall enioynde the duſkie cloudes
(which with their darkeneſſe turnde the earth to hell,
Conuert to blood and poure downe ſtreames of blood.
Cornewell ſhall groane, and Arthurs ſoule ſhall ſigh.
Before the conſcience of Guenevora
The map of hell ſhall hang and fiendes ſhall rage:
And Gorlois ghoſt exacting puniſhment.

With dreames, with horrors and with deadly traunce
Shall gripe their hearts: the vision of his corse
Shalbe to them, as was the terror vile
Of flaming whippes to Agamemnons sonne.
And when the Trumpet calles them from their rest
Aurora shall with watry cheekes behold
Their slaughtered bodies prostrate to her beames.
And on the banckes of Cambala shall lye
The bones of Arthur and of Arthurs knightes:
Whose fleete is now tryumphing on the seas.
But shall bee welcom'd with a Tragedie.
Thy nattue soyle shalbe thy fatall gulfe
Arthur: thy place of birth thy place of death.
Mordred shalbe the hammer of my hate
To beate the bones of Cornish Lordes to dust.
Ye rauening birdes vnder Celenoes power,
I doe adiure you in Alectoes name.
Follow the sworde of Mordred where he goes.
Follow the sworde of Mordred for your foode.
Aspyring Mordred, thou must also dye.
And on the Altar of Proserpina
Thy vitall blood vnto my Ghost shall fume.
Heauen. Earth. and hell, concurre to'plague the man.
That is the plague of Heauen, Earth, and hell.
Thou bids Alecto: I pursue my charge.
Let thy Cerastæ whistle in mine eares,
And let the belles of Pluto ring reuenge.

¶ One other speeche penned by *the same gentleman, and pronounced in steade* of *Gorlois* his last speache penned by *Thomas* Hughes, and set downe in the second Scene of the fift and last Act.

Death hath his conquest: hell hath had his wish.
Gorlois his vow: Alecto her desire,
Stinne hath his pay: and blood is quit with blood.
Reuenge in Tryumphe beares the strugling hearts.
Now Gorlois pearce the craggie Rockes of hell.
Through chinckes wherof infernall spyrites do glaunce,
Returne this answere to the furies courte.
That Cornewell trembles with the thought of warre:
And Tamers flood with drooping pace doth flowe,

For

For feare of touching Camballs bloodie ſtreame,
Brytaine remember, write it on thy walles.
Which neyther tyme nor tyrannie may race.
That Rebelles, Traytors and conſpirators,
The ſemenarye of lewde Catcline,
The Baſtard Coouie of Italian birdes.
Shall feele the flames of euer flaming fire.
Which are not quenched with a ſea of teares.
And ſince in thee ſome glorious ſtarre muſt ſhine.
When many yeares and ages are expirde
Whoſe beames ſhall cleare the miſt of miſcontent
And make the dampe of Plutoes pit retire.
Gorlois will neuer fray the Brytans more.
For Brytaine then becomes an Angels land,
Both Diuels and ſpyrites muſt yeilde to Angels power,
Vnto the goddeſſe of the Angels land.
Haunt Brytaine haunt, of her renowmed raigne,
Whoſe face deterres the hagges of hell from thee:
Whoſe vertues holde the plagues of heauen from thee,
Whoſe preſence makes the earth fruitfull to thee:
And with foreſight of her thrice happie daies,
Brytaine I leaue thee to an endleſſe praiſe.

Beſides theſe ſpeaches there was alſo penned a Chorus for the firſt act, and an other for the ſecond act, by Maiſter Frauncis Flower, which were pronounced accordingly. The dumbe ſhowes were partly deuiſed by Maiſter Chriſtopher Yeluerton, Maiſter Frauncis Bacon, Maiſter John Lancaſter and others, partly by the ſaide Maiſter Flower, who with Maiſter Penrodocke and the ſaid Maiſter Lancaſter directed theſe proceedings at Court.

(‘.’)